VOL. CCVIII. No. 2709

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THE SPHERE, JANUARY 12, 1952
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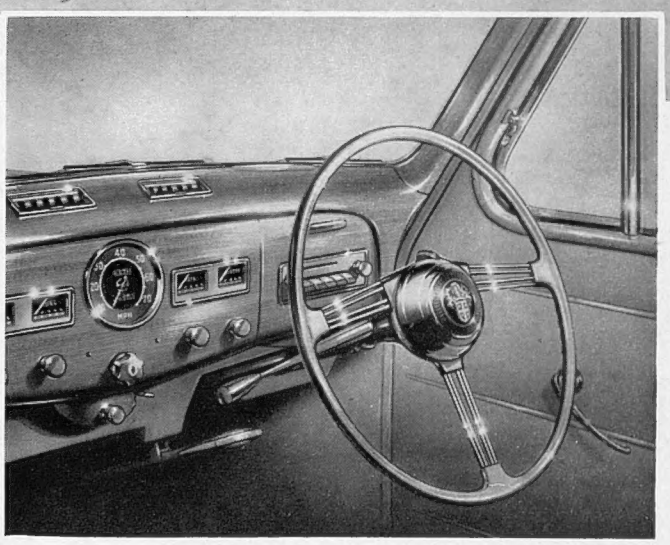

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Volume CCVIII No. 2709

The SPHERE, London, January 12, 1952

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

TRUMAN AND CHURCHILL MEET—THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER SHAKE HANDS AT THE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, WASHINGTON : In a brief speech the President spoke of his great pleasure at the Prime Minister's visit. The two leaders had a few quiet words together before Mr. Truman took Mr. Churchill over to shake hands with members of the Cabinet and the Commonwealth Ambassadors.

The formal discussions between President Truman and Mr. Winston Churchill began last Monday in the Cabinet Room of the White House in Washington, and it was confidently expected that they would bring British and American policies into closer alignment everywhere in the world. Mr. Churchill was personally welcomed by Mr. Truman at the Washington Airport last Saturday, and the Press commented on the cordiality of the occasion. Informal discussions were held later on board the Presidential yacht *Williamsburg*, and these talks clarified the atmosphere for the formal meetings ahead. Washington was most enthusiastic in its greetings, and outside Blair House there was quite a big crowd which welcomed Mr. Churchill with shouts of "Hi, Winnie!" One department store took the entire back page of a newspaper for a huge photograph of Mr. Churchill which bore the inscription : "We join the millions of Americans who greet this extraordinary man typifying the spirit of the great British people."

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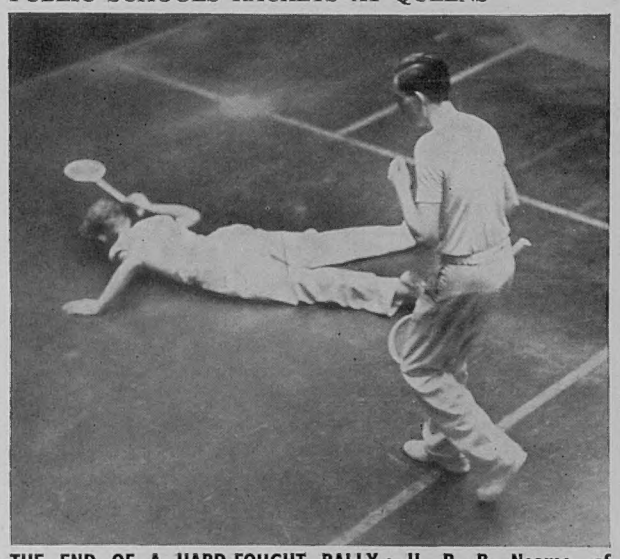
AUSTRALIA KEEPS THE DAVIS CUP

AFTER THE DAVIS CUP CHALLENGE ROUND AT SYDNEY: Mr. Harry Hopman, the non-playing captain of the Australian team, holding the trophy during the presentation ceremony. Standing behind Mr. Hopman, and wearing a double-breasted suit, is Mr. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister. Australia won the Challenge Round in large measure through the efforts of Frank Sedgman, who was in brilliant form, winning both of his singles matches, and being one of the successful doubles pair. The Davis Cup, a silver trophy in the form of a rose-bowl, was presented for competition in 1900 by Dwight Davis, of St. Louis, through the United States National Lawn Tennis Association. The holder has only to play a challenge round, competing against the winning country emerging from all the zone finalists.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACKETS AT QUEENS



THE END OF A HARD-FOUGHT RALLY: H. R. B. Neame, of Harrow, falls to the ground during his match against M. D. Scott, of Winchester, in the final of the Public Schoolboys' Rackets Tournament at Queen's. Neame, who owed Scott one ace, was beaten by three games to none, the score being 15—9, 15—4, 15—9. Scott is a strong attacking player armed with a formidable hammer service. Neame, who has a bright future, was at a disadvantage against a player as fast or faster than he, who had, in addition, a marked physical superiority.

MUNNINGS TURNS RADIO SINGER

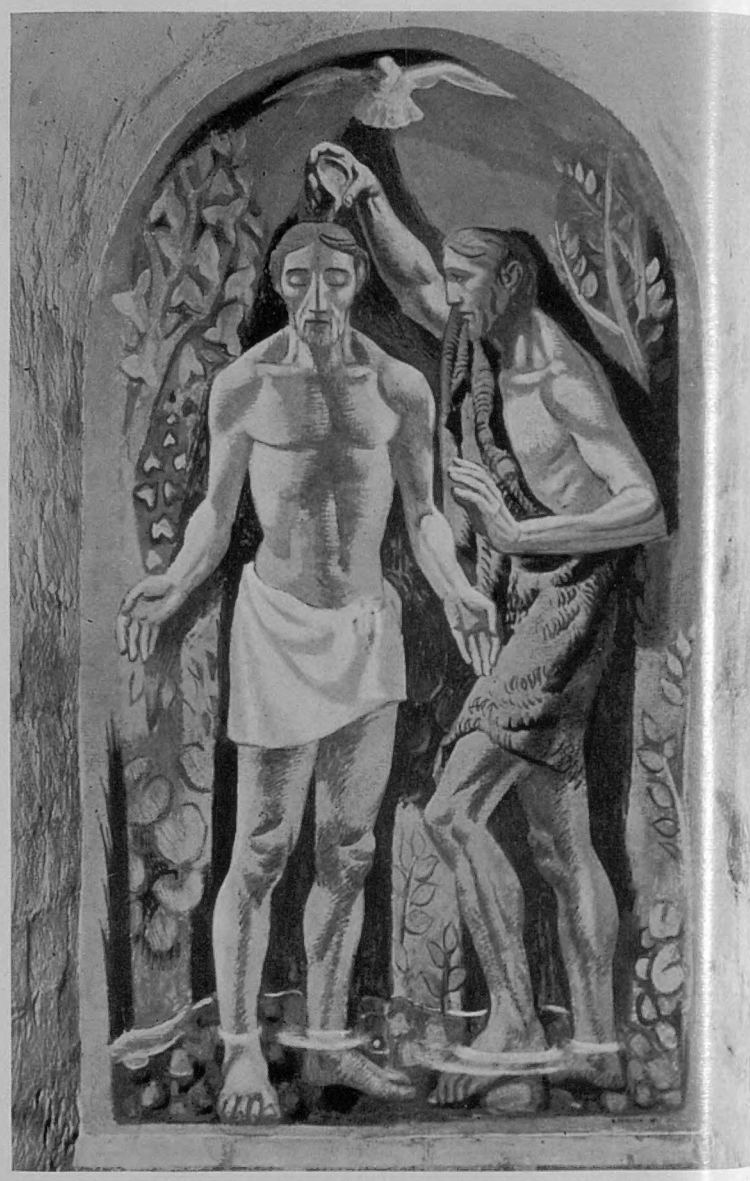
SIR ALFRED IN FULL SPATE: The seventy-three-year-old Past President of the Royal Academy leading members of his chorus of stars in singing his song "Julia" during a production for the B.B.C. Light Programme. Sir Alfred's performance, given with rollicking fervour, came during an Alan Melville book review programme, "Books by the Fire." Dramatised excerpts from various books were presented. Mr. Melville, who is seen standing on the right, explained that the song came from the second volume of Sir Alfred's "racy, rumbustious autobiography." No authors, he said, were allowed to talk about their own books in his programme. "As Sir Alfred stands beside me, I have to talk fast to prevent him from speaking." Sir Alfred, who had said in his book that "the wireless has killed the sing-song," then began in his light baritone voice, putting lively expression into his singing. Sometimes he was slightly ahead of the piano, sometimes very slightly behind.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Those Roarers.—"What care these roarers for the name of King" or superman? The sentiment, first enunciated by the boatswain in *The Tempest*, was echoed by Canute and, *inter alios*, by Mr. Churchill. The *Queen Mary* was too battered to sail back to America on time, and our Premier had to kick his heels in Southampton. But better to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of. . . . Only the scientists refuse to accept it that God and Nature have the last word and dispose of human plans. With an agenda so heavy and his available time so mortgaged, a day lost has unusual importance. Perhaps it can be made up the other end. A day lost in confabulation was a day gained for consideration, reflection, planning what to say and how to say it and in what order of priority. Mr. Churchill has been so busy ever since he took office that perhaps the unforeseen delay was a positive benefit. If his voyage is stormy, I am in no doubt that it was so. For not even a superman can arrange his ideas in the misery of seasickness. But Heaven grant our Premier and his posse a calm passage out, and there, and back again, bringing some sheaves with them. Their sickles will be applied to a very variegated harvest on a mixed farm. They have gone out rather to clear away tares than to harvest grain, to bring back to *America* a better understanding of English problems and difficulties and generally to clear the way for a still closer co-operation between our two nations. With election fever close ahead in America, the time is not altogether favourable, but Mr. Churchill will bring something home.

House in Order.—Mr. Truman's programme is as full and varied and important as Mr. Churchill's. He has a lot to clean up and his duster must be applied as vigorously inside the house as his broom and rake outside. It is a comfort to reflect that, though in the last fifty years we in England have accepted more and more slavishly the lead in fashions and habits from America, we have shown remarkable resistance, commendable obstinacy, in embracing a particularly vicious tendency in public life. Crooning is one thing; indecent publications, non-stop tippling, and the grosser practices of personal columnists, are bad enough. But hitherto public life in England has remained reasonably pure. The few scandals brought to light in the last thirty years have been by comparison trivial, almost a proof of purity. It is certainly a very remarkable fact about America that so many of their strongest leaders have turned their face against investigating this wide-spread and well-understood evil. It reveals the power of the "bosses" in the great cities of America and the enormous influence which their machines exercise in election campaigns—the end-all and be-all of Americans. Even Franklin Roosevelt could not afford to interfere with their "way of life." Mammon and Co. have had a long and easy passage in God's Own Country, and it has been ensured to them by the preponderating sympathy of the average American for anyone who makes a "success story" of a bit of slick business. Who wouldn't . . . if he could without being caught?



"THE BAPTISM OF JESUS," A MURAL PAINTING BY HANS FEIBUSCH WHICH IT WAS ARRANGED, SHOULD BE DEDICATED ON FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, IN CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL BY THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER: The setting of the picture, which has been executed on a strong board of fibrous plaster, is a walled-up doorway, 3 ft. deep, in the Baptistry of the Cathedral, which, in the past, used to be a private entrance of the Bishop to the Cathedral. It is 10 ft. by 4 ft. 6 ins. and the artist has used Stic B paint, a particularly damp-resisting medium. The colour scheme, based on the grey of the surrounding stonework, contains grey, pale green, black, orange, chestnut and one patch of blue. Mr. Feibusch was responsible for the large-scale paintings at the east end of St. John's, Waterloo Road (the Festival of Britain church).

The Bloody Hand.—Your modern columnist is so cocksure, so certain that he *knows*, that I find it (in my old-fashioned way) salutary to be found wrong on the first day of a New Year. The New Year's Honours List found me a very bad guesser. I have felt for some time past that the title of baronet was no longer in tune with our modern "democracy and equality" and that, save in the strong tradition which attaches that hereditary honour to London's Lord Mayors, it would gradually be allowed to lapse. Not a bit of it. We have four new baronets, three of them with heirs. *The Times*, commenting on this, described it as a new principle introduced by the new Government. It is true that Mr. Attlee recommended only one "outside" baronet in six years. And it might therefore be said that Mr. Churchill has trailed his coat-tails and gone back to the bad old days of hereditary privilege. But a Premier merely advises, an *ad hoc* committee considers and recommends, and the Fountain of Honour disposes. We must assume that our own view of the unsuitability of this hereditary dignity for a commoner is not shared by any authority responsible in the stages of bestowing it. The hereditary principle is to stay as entrenched as ever. I was wrong again about that bastard, foreign title of viscount. I thought it would die with dukedoms and marquisates and even earldoms (but Lord Jowitt put the fool's-cap on me as regards the last). It is not so. Four of the five new peers are viscounts, are accorded eight balls to their coronets when four only are necessary for recruiting the House of Peers until it is reformed. I don't think we shall see it reformed. We are a very conservative people and the more democratic we claim to be, the more we cling to grades and class-distinctions and all "order of precedence."

Vyshinsky Speaks Peace?—Once more a *prima facie* gesture of co-operation from Stalin. Mr. Vyshinsky proposed a special meeting of the Security Council to bring about a cease-fire in Korea and in other ways to try to reduce international tension. Why, we ask in our ignorance, must everyone hoot it with derisive cat-calls? Because Russia before now has beaten such olive branches into spanners and made an April fool of the West. Because Russia has admitted her dislike of the increasing power and courage of the General Assembly in what was the Security Council's field. In our relations with Russia we are so used to being April fools that one more fool's-cap more or less can make no odds and is no more a waste of time than any other high-level confab. For my part I hope we need not hoot Russia's latest "dodge" out of court. There are two items in Vyshinsky's proposal which are worth pursuing, if only to call a bluff—the general discussion at high level and an attempt to finish the slow business in Korea. Let the Council meet; something may be let fall in the general discussion which may afford a clue to this eternal Torquemada crossword, before the veto or spanner closes down the works. We owe it to the peoples of the West, whose Governments tell

them nothing, to explore all avenues and reject no olive branches from the East, however suspect. I cannot see that such a meeting, if it ended in failure, would undo any improvement in the Assembly's power to resist aggression. I should like some evidence that Britain has a voice of her own at the Assembly.

Korea in 1952.—The United States and United Kingdom hailed the Korean armistice talk with all the thankfulness and some of the confidence with which Mr. Chamberlain announced the results of "Munich." It might get us out of a great difficulty and expense with honour; it seemed to reveal an access of humanity and co-operation by Russia and it would, if successfully concluded, be a feather in the cap of the Governments seeking new mandates. On the other hand, there were even more doubts about the genuineness of the other side than after Munich. At the time of Munich, Germany was all ready for world war save for the last buttons; our side was quite unprepared. The Korean armistice found the Communists a beaten, almost routed enemy. The Communists faced certain defeat if they could not snatch a breathing space. Hitler did not. It is easy to be wise after the event. Looking back on the details of these incessant talks and the delaying action of the Communists, it seems to-day difficult to understand why the United Nations delegates have for so long continued the talks in patience, seriousness and even hope. The Communists' chief advantage at first lay in the fact that their airfields were immune from attack. That advantage proved illusory. These bases were too far away for serious battleline fighting. Airfields in North Korea were essential, and all through these fantastic talks the Communists have been building them night and day, while their weapons, transport and trained soldiers have been built up to modern requirements and satisfactory replacement. Why, then, have the American leaders remained so patient and so hopeful, with all these signs of activity constantly impressed on them by their intelligence? Because wishful thinking is a human and Western characteristic. Because the Korean adventure is unpopular in America, and America is almost in a state of election fever. An end to the Korean horror would be a winning trick in an election, and the politicians have clung to the faint hope of some result from the talks. It is obvious now that the military leaders on the spot must insist on a tougher attitude, must call the bluff before that call lays down a "full house" of parity in the air and a remodelled and equipped army.

Flat-catching.—No doubt, we shall learn in a few days from the annual statistics of the Police authorities that there is no crime wave. We have already been advised that London murderers are all in the bag, and that murder may be a fine art, but to get away with murder is a practical impossibility. That is good. But the gentler art of burglary does seem to be unusually efficient and widespread to-day. Would it be an exaggeration to say: "In the past few weeks hardly a day has passed but burglars in and round London have easily got away with £1,000 or more worth of furs or jewellery from flats and private houses in which the occupants were dining or revelling"? I think not. No doubt, the victims are all comfortably insured, and insurance companies still manage to keep their heads comfortably above water. But they would do even better with a little co-operation by the public. How much more proof do rich women need that their furs and jewels attract the light-fingered? It is surely high time for some authority to point out that reckless disregard of a well-known evil is not good citizenship. While you and I waste no sympathy on those silly women who leave £2,000-worth of jewellery loose on their dressing-tables, we spare a tear for our more prudent selves, when we find our insurance policies for ever rising. The time has certainly come for a new charter for women who must carry a fortune in fur and jewellery on their backs and bosoms. And that charter should provide some simple precautions in bedrooms and cloakrooms. A small safe can't be blown in ten minutes, and a reliable cloakroom attendant is not a very large addition to the cost of a party. Why must you and I pay for chump-headedness?

Mrs. Braddock Reads Creevey.—Mrs. Braddock, that substantial figure in Labour politics, has been reading *Creevey's Life and Times*, but has not followed it up with a dose of more modern history. In 1813, Creevey held a safe seat at Thetford, but was easily persuaded by Brougham to contest Liverpool against Canning and the Gascoigne interests. He was beaten out of the field and "fell back" on Thetford. Mrs. B., asking only for guarantees that, if defeated, she could fall back on her safe Liverpool seat, proposed to contest Southport. But Mr. Morgan Phillips, better read in modern electoral history, ordered her off that by-election bus. So Mrs. B. must forgo an exchange and new publicity, and continue the dull existence of M.P. for the Exchange Division.

It Rained in 1951.—It is irresistible—the impulse to tell the tale of the rain-gauge. And I have reason to know that some readers are interested. Our average rainfall here in West Sussex (1943 to 1950 inclusive) was just under 34 ins. Our record annual total in that period was 1946, with 44·29 ins. In 1951 we recorded 52·11 ins., or 18 ins. above the average, and nearly 8 ins. above the previous record. We are proud of our dismal record, which other areas in Southern England beat quite easily; and, oddly enough, we are quite normally dry for the time of year, and digging is a pleasure.

THE OLD STAGER

THE SPRINGBOKS TRIUMPH AT TWICKENHAM, AND KEEP AN UNBEATEN INTERNATIONAL RECORD

IT WAS ONE OF TWICKENHAM'S GREATEST DAYS: C. E. Winn, of England, tackled by P. Johnstone, of South Africa, with E. Dinkelmann, of South Africa, going in to assist during last Saturday's big match, when the Springbok Rugby touring team won by the narrow margin of a goal and a penalty goal (8 points) to a try (3 points). South Africa always looked the faster and better team in the open, and their veteran scrum-half, Du Toit, played one of the games of his life, scoring his side's one try by a brilliant slip-round the scrummage—an effort which caught the defence completely by surprise. By winning the last of their International matches, Scotland maintained their unbeaten International record. This was not the last of their big matches, however, and on January 19 eight International players will be included in the South of Scotland team to meet the South Africans at Hawick. During the present tour the Springboks have often won by narrow margins, and often at a late stage of the game. As in the game against England the South Africans have proved hardest to hold at bay in the closing minutes of play.

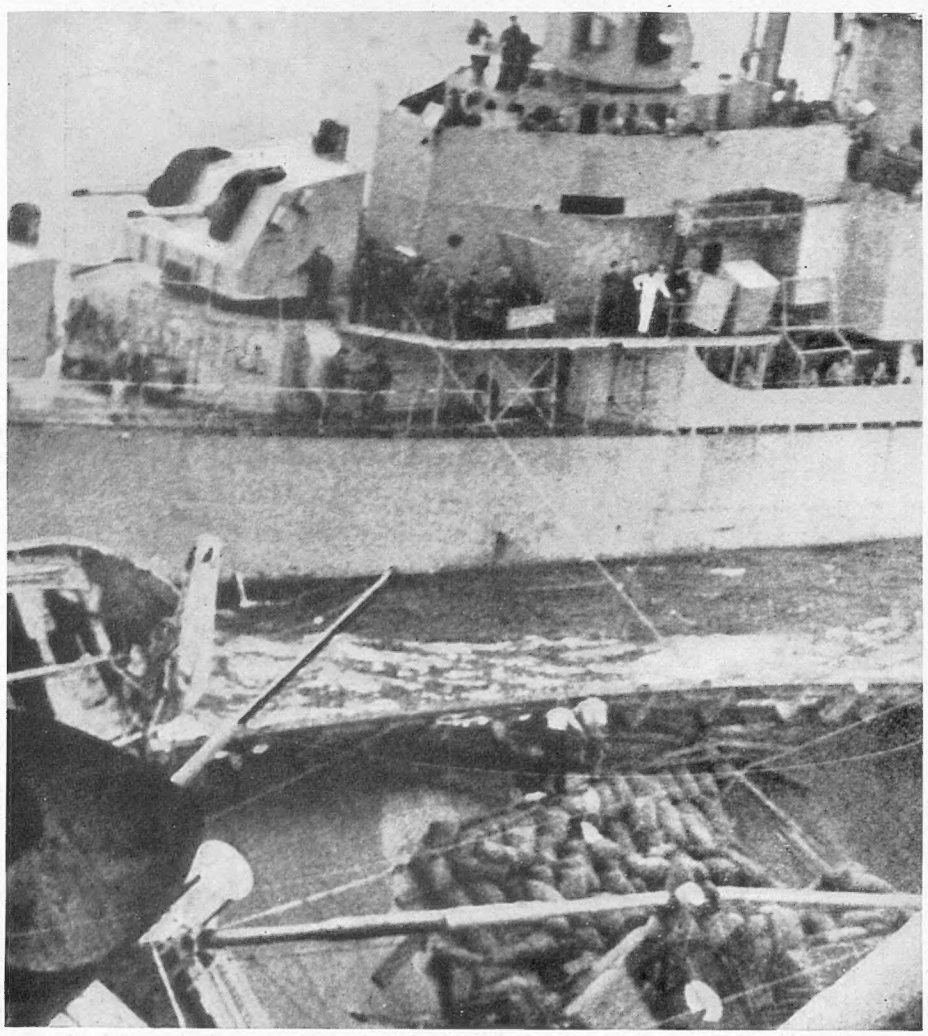
REGILDING OPERATIONS IN THE HEAVILY BLITZED CHURCH OF ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY

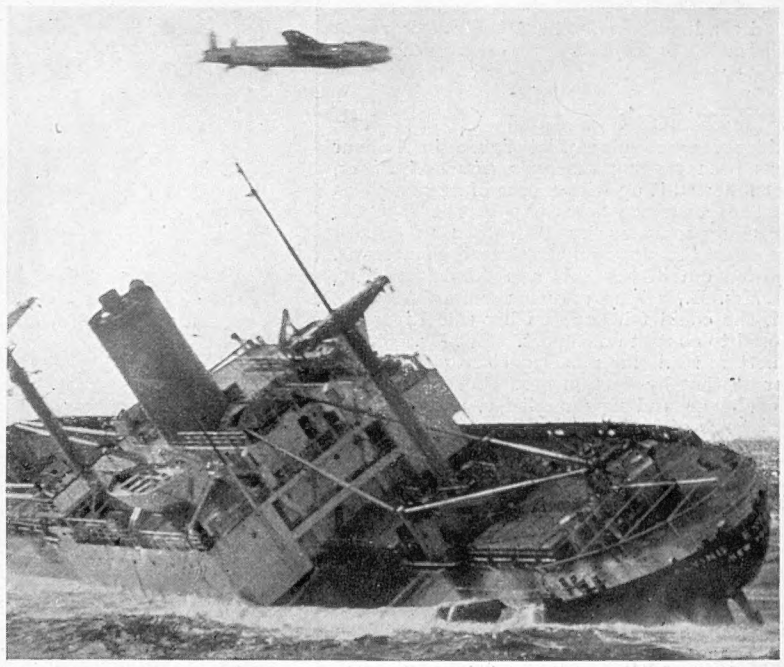
GILDING WREN'S WEST END MASTERPIECE: Considerable progress has now been made in the reconstruction of the famous church of St. James's, Piccadilly—the only church built by Sir Christopher Wren in the West End of London. It was severely damaged in the blitz in 1940, and the rector thinks that the church, when completed, will be even more beautiful than before. The famous Grinling Gibbons altar carvings have not yet been replaced. The picture shows work in progress on the almost-finished ceiling of the church. This man is gilding the decorations over one of the south windows. St. James's was built by Wren in 1680 at the expense of Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, the patron of Cowley and the reputed husband of Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I.

THE TUG "TURMOIL" BEGINS THE TASK OF TOWING THE STRICKEN "FLYING ENTERPRISE" TOWARDS THE CORNISH COAST: The *Turmoil* is seen in the foreground on the left, and she has a line on the bows of Captain Carlsen's ship which is seen listing at an angle of 60 degrees. The American destroyer *Willard Keith* is seen acting as escort to the *Flying Enterprise*. After a week of drifting in the Atlantic with a crack in her hull, and with only Captain Carlsen aboard, the *Turmoil* came to the rescue and the Captain was joined by the tug's mate, Kenneth Dancy, who helped to haul the tow-line aboard the *Flying Enterprise*.

CAPTAIN CARLSEN'S SHIP IN TOW

The "Flying Enterprise" is at Last on Her Way to Safety





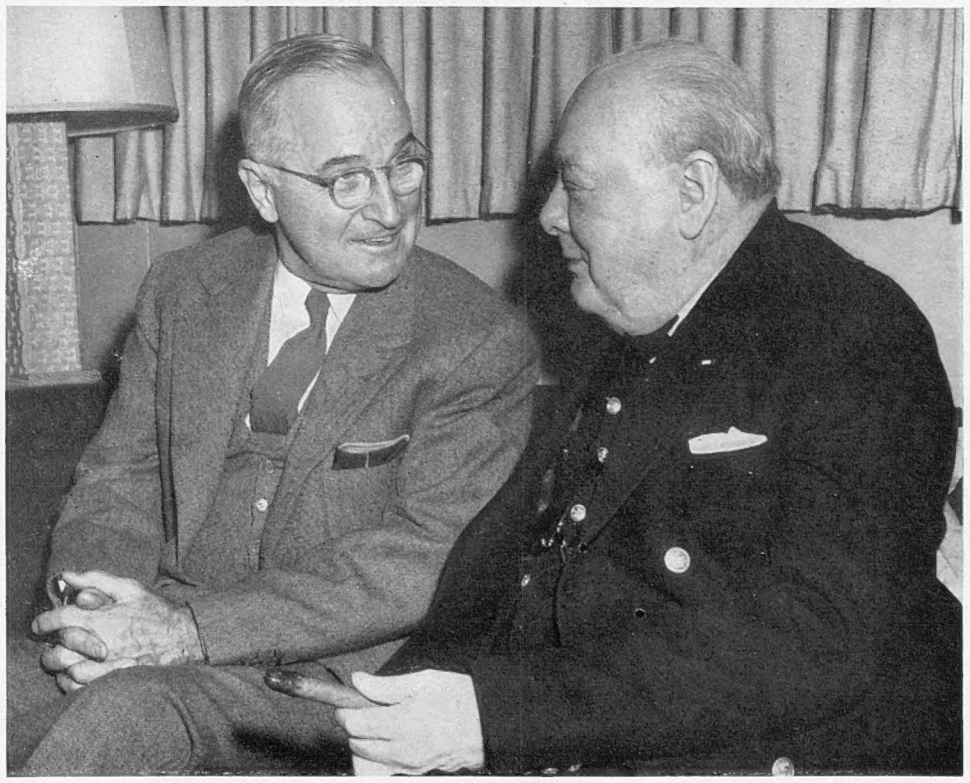
TWO DRAMATIC PICTURES TAKEN DURING RELIEF OPERATIONS AS THE "FLYING ENTERPRISE" DRIFTED ON THE WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC: *Left*—Captain Carlsen and Kenneth Dancy are seen as they caught a line fired from the United States warship *Willard Keith* on to the starboard quarter of the *Flying Enterprise*. The *Willard Keith* was about to use the line to send supplies aboard to Carlsen and his assistant. *Right*—A four-engined bomber is seen passing over the crippled and listing *Flying Enterprise*. When this picture was taken Carlsen was standing beside the after-starboard rail and waving to the bomber. (See also pages 58 and 59.)

THE PRELIMINARY CONFERENCE ABOARD THE PRESIDENT'S YACHT ON THE DAY OF ARRIVAL IN WASHINGTON: Mr. Eden, Mr. Dean Acheson, Mr. Truman and Mr. Churchill aboard the *Williamsburg* on the Potomac River, where they talked informally prior to the start of the formal talks last Monday. The *Williamsburg* conference covered a wide range of topics, and a subsequent White House statement said that it had clarified the atmosphere. While the Prime Minister and the chief members of his party were meeting with their opposite American numbers, remaining members were meeting their opposite numbers at a lower echelon cocktail-party given by Mr. Perkins, who is in charge of European Affairs in the American State Department.

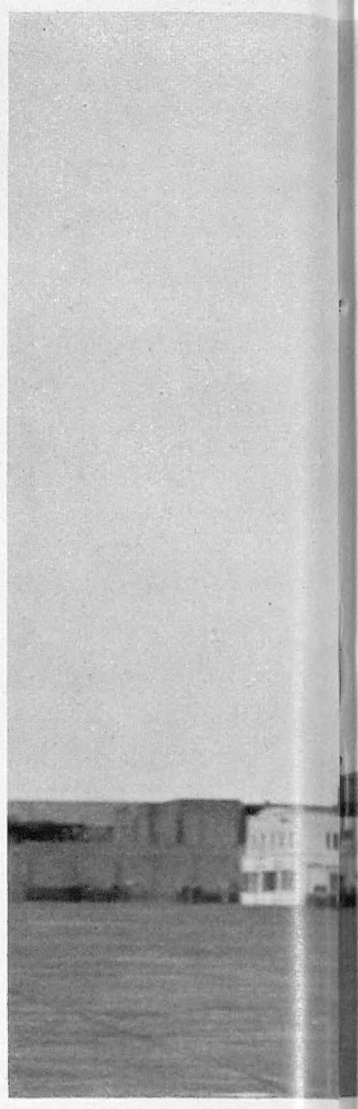
WITH the PREMIER in NEW YORK and WASHINGTON

The Preliminary Talks Held with President Truman Aboard the Yacht "Williamsburg"

SARAH CHURCHILL HAS A PARTING KISS FOR HER FAMOUS FATHER: The Prime Minister and his daughter parting company at Floyd Bennett Field, where Mr. Churchill started his flight from New York to Washington. The Premier had to keep a date with Mr. Truman. Sarah Churchill had to keep a theatrical date in Manhattan.



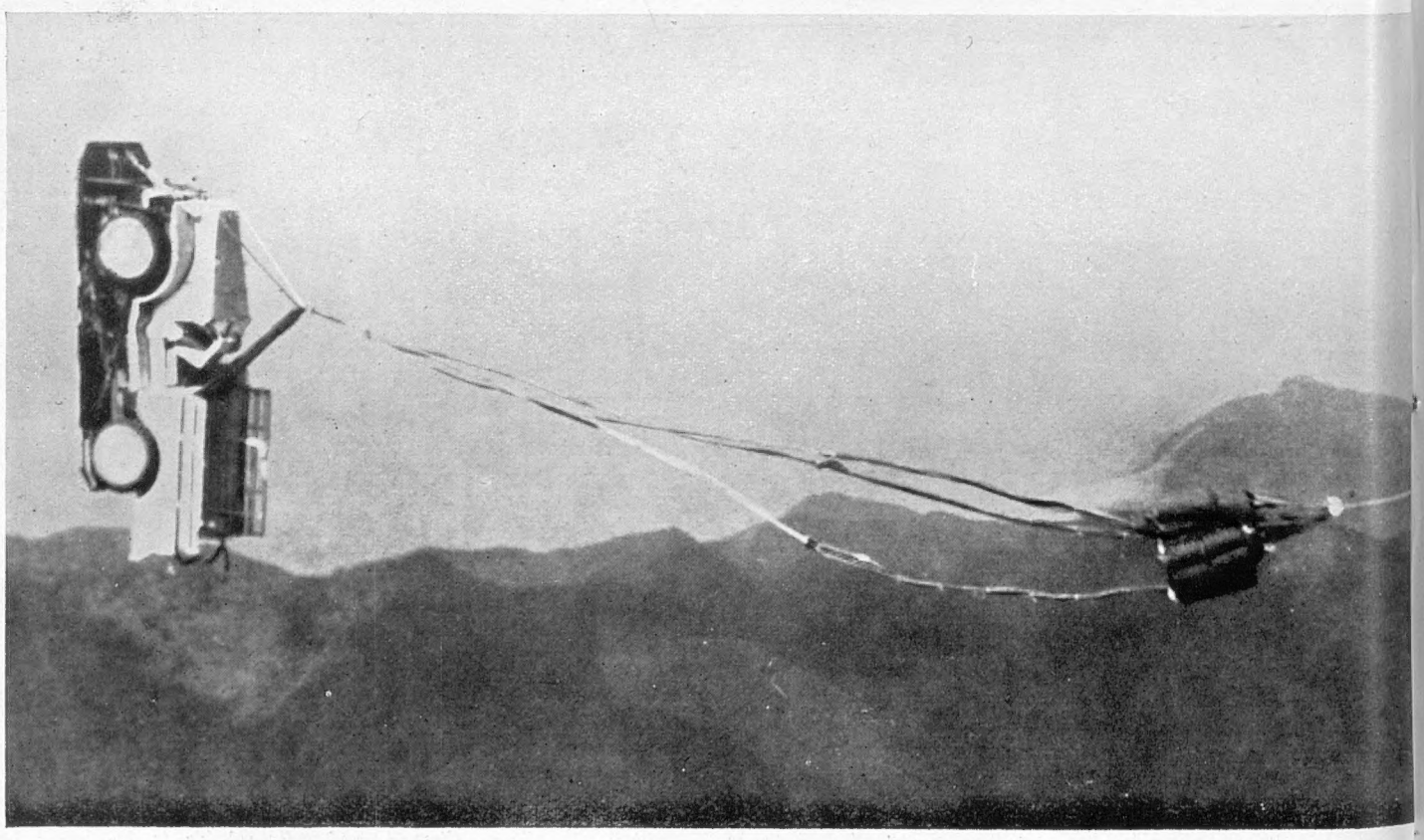
IN THE PRESIDENT'S LOUNGE ON THE TOP DECK OF THE PRESIDENTIAL YACHT "WILLIAMSBURG": Mr. Truman and Mr. Churchill deep in conversation on the first day of the visit. Their last meeting in the United States was when Mr. Churchill went to Mr. Truman's home State, Missouri, and delivered his world-shaking pronouncements in the Fulton speech.



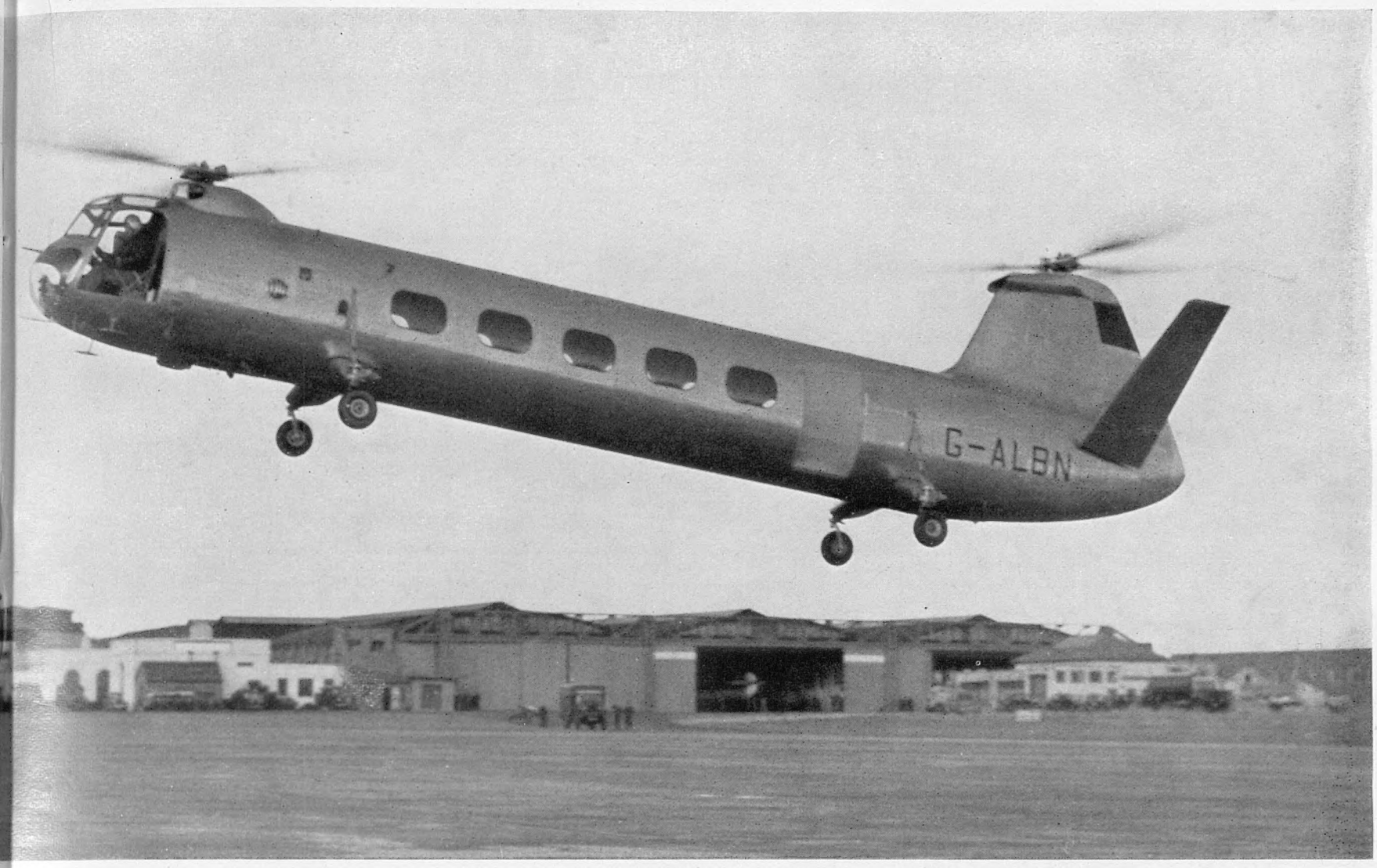
MAINLY VERTICAL FLIGHT

THE HELICOPTER GOES UP, AND THE GUNS PARACHUTE DOWN

And Other News of the World of Aviation



Above and *on right*—**DROPPING A PIECE OF HEAVY ARTILLERY AND A JEEP DOWN TO TROOPS FIGHTING IN KOREA:** Specialists of the 808th United States Army Unit, working with the United States Far East Air Force combat cargo groups, have designed special parachute harness and allied equipment to handle such items as the 105-mm. howitzer, seen leaving a C 119 Flying Boxcar somewhere over Korea. The small pilot parachute has already opened and the big bundle on right in both pictures contains three 100-ft. parachutes which will gently lower the heavy equipment to United Nations ground forces below. The development of the technique of dropping heavy artillery, transport and other equipment by parachute is of inestimable value to troops which are isolated by enemy attacks, and in the future might well reverse the tide of battle at a vital moment.



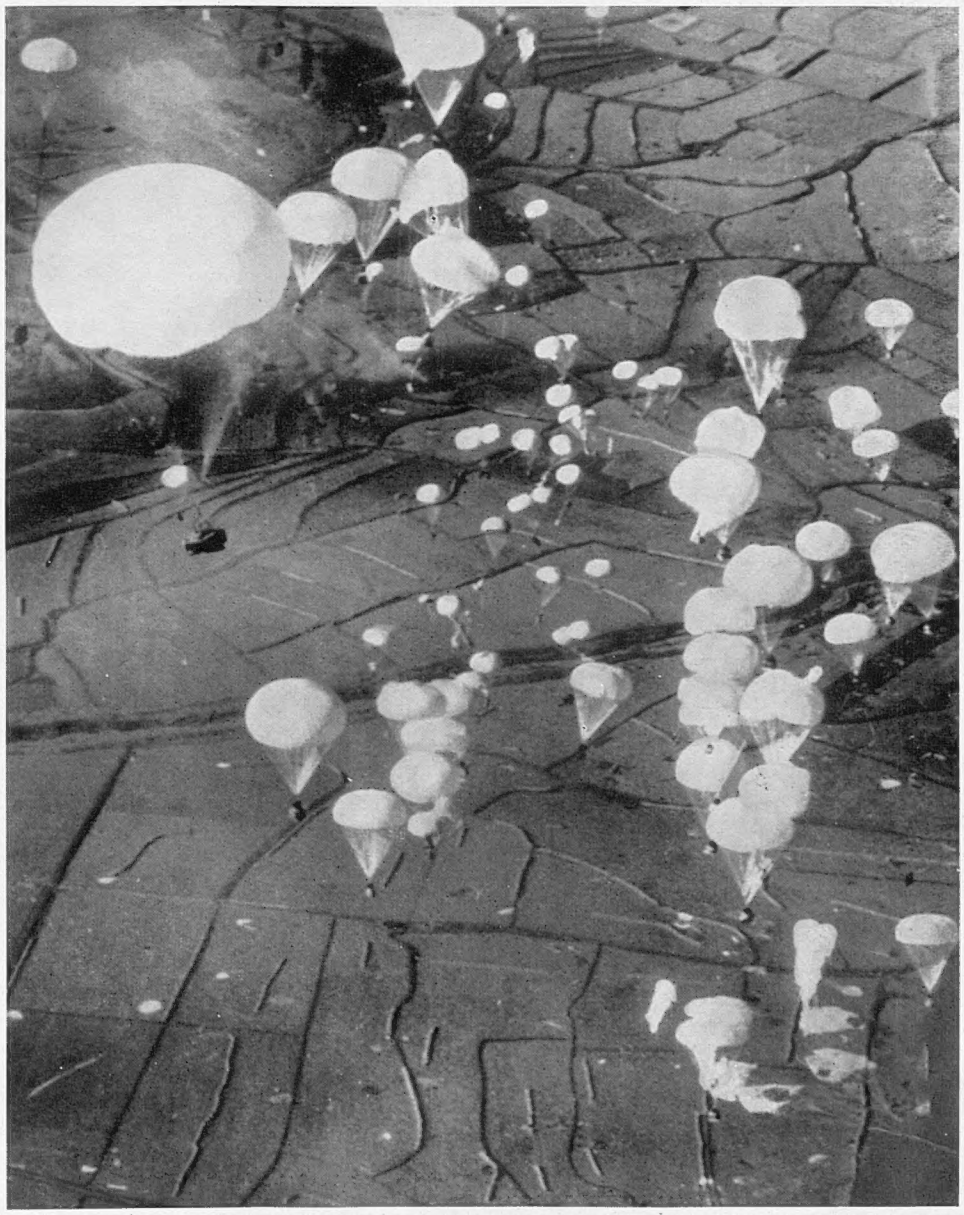
THE FIRST BRITISH TWIN-ENGINED HELICOPTER, THE BRISTOL 173, RISING ABOVE THE AERODROME AT FILTON, NEAR BRISTOL, ON ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT: The Bristol 173, which is intended to carry between twelve and fourteen passengers, is powered by two Alvis Leonides 550-h.p. piston engines and has two rotors, one at each end of the long fuselage. British European Airways intend to use this larger helicopter for passenger services between centrally-situated city airports, and by 1957 they expect to have an even larger helicopter running on their scheduled inter-city flights.

Leonardo da Vinci first evolved the theory of the helicopter, and he even made detailed drawings of a projected machine; but the first successful attempt to solve the problem of vertical flight was not made until 1923, when a Frenchman, Oehmichen, built a machine that succeeded in hovering for five minutes. This consisted of an oblong, semi-rigid balloon from which was suspended a framework with two cross-arms at the ends of which were four horizontal power-driven rotors. There were seven other airscrews to assist manœuvrability and stability. In the '30's there were further developments, and in 1933 a helicopter called the *Florine* remained in the air 9 mins. 58 secs., a record that was duly noted in THE SPHERE of those days. What was particularly interesting about the *Florine* was that the rotors, 24 ft. in diameter, were mounted one at each end of the fuselage. That same principle is employed in the Bristol 173, the first British twin-engined helicopter which has just made its bow at Filton, near Bristol, but a great deal of research has gone on on both sides of the Atlantic between the production of these two aircraft.

The Bristol 173 clearly foreshadows the use of helicopters on an extensive scale on the B.E.A. routes. The Corporation's present plan is to use the 173 for experimental purposes in 1953, and to open scheduled services with it in 1955. B.E.A. is at present using an earlier Bristol helicopter, the 171, for crew training at its helicopter maintenance base at Peterborough. Later this year it intends to use this four-passenger machine for experimental services.

The Corporation's policy is not to run helicopter services direct between city centres until twin-engined types are available, because of the danger involved in the event of a failure of a single-engined machine. The Bristol 173 will probably be the first British helicopter to fly from and to the centres of cities, instead of between airports, as at present.

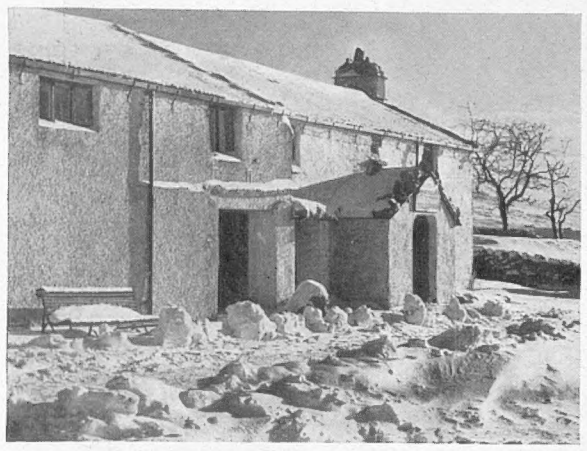
A GRUMMAN AVENGER OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY FLIES ABOVE THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER H.M.C.S. "MAGNIFICENT": This picture was taken during recent exercises off Halifax, Nova Scotia. The Avenger, modified and equipped for anti-submarine service, joined the Fleet in 1951 and has already proved its value during practical exercises in which submarines took part. H.M.C.S. *Magnificent*, which was completed in 1948, is a light Fleet aircraft-carrier with a capacity for thirty-four aircraft.



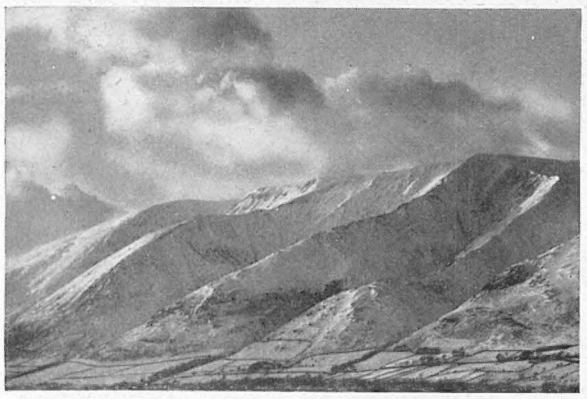
PARACHUTES FROM AMERICAN TRANSPORT PLANES FILL THE SKY OVER FIELDS NEAR THE KOREAN FRONT: Supplies for fighting men on the ground are being dropped by cargo planes of the United States Far East Air Force combat cargo group. The supplies range from confectionery and ammunition to three-quarter-ton lorries and two-ton artillery pieces.

FLOODS IN SUSSEX—A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE FLOODING NEAR PULBOROUGH, WHERE THE RIVER ARUN HAS OVERFLOWED ITS BANKS : While farmers wait apprehensively for the first snows of winter to reach the south of England, heavy rain and bad weather have caused heavy flooding in some parts. This picture shows the extensive flooding that even a small river, overflowing its banks after weeks of rain, can achieve. Freezing flood-water in these low-lying areas can cause heavy losses to farmers.

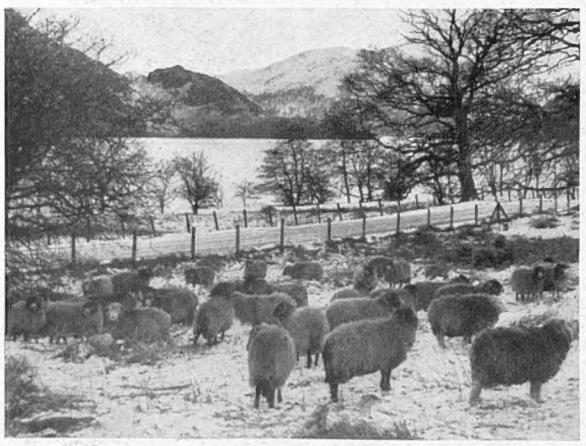
FLOODS IN ENGLAND AND SNOW IN SCOTLAND



WINTER IN THE LAKE DISTRICT : Lakeland's heavy snows have added a fresh beauty to the already picturesque scene. Here, the Kirkstone Inn, on the summit of Kirkstone Pass, Lakeland, 1,500 ft. above sea-level, makes a picture of wintry loveliness in sunlight and snow.



CLOUD, SUNLIGHT AND SNOW ON THE SADDLEBACK, CUMBERLAND : Low-lying cloud, sunlight and snow-covered mountain ridges combine to make an attractive picture of the Saddleback, in the Lake District.



JANUARY BRINGS ADDITIONAL WORK FOR THE LAKELAND SHEPHERD : These Swaledale sheep, in the Lake District, have been brought down from the fells for shelter to Glencoin Park, Ullswater, owned by the National Trust. The sheep belong to Mr. R. Wilson, of Glencoin Farm.

A JANUARY SCENE IN PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH : The heavy snow, blanketing pavements and road, is quickly transformed to unpleasant muddy slush by pedestrians and by the heavy traffic. On the right is the Scott Memorial. Last week-end deep, frozen snow still covered many roads in Scotland and there were many traffic accidents up and down the country. In some parts of Scotland a thaw was followed by torrential rain, but even this did not entirely free the roads from dangerous patches. Roads in the counties of Lanark, Ayr, Dumbarton, Dumfries, Fife and Inverness were at one time covered with hard-packed snow and in many parts of the country traffic was temporarily dislocated.

THE BRITISH NAVY GUARDS AND WORKS PORT SAID—THE DESTROYER H.M.S. "JUTLAND" AND THE FRIGATE H.M.S. "LOCH SCAVAIG" AT ANCHOR IN THE OUTER HARBOUR: Since the middle of October officers and men of the Royal Navy have been not only guarding but also working Port Said, at the northern end of the Suez Canal, and during that period 1,500 merchant ships, representing 15,000,000 tons of shipping of all nations, have passed through their hands. Most of the thousands of Egyptian stevedores and labourers who work the port in normal times vanished months ago, because of intimidation from both official and unofficial sources.

PORT SAID UNDER THE ROYAL NAVY

Since Last October Royal Naval Personnel have Handled 15,000,000 tons of International Shipping Passing from the East Through the Suez Canal and Port Said

H.M.S. "MANXMAN," ONE OF THE NAVY'S FAST MINELAYERS, IN HARBOUR AT PORT SAID: In the foreground are the bows of the cruiser H.M.S. *Liverpool*.

On right—NAVAL RATINGS AT WORK ASHORE: Under a petty officer, the men are repairing an electric crane on the docks at Port Said.

INTERNATIONAL SHIPPING AT PORT SAID UNDER THE PROTECTION OF BRITISH NAVAL GUNS: These two ships, a tanker and a freighter, have passed through the Canal and have been berthed by Royal Naval personnel.

RATINGS OF H.M.S. "MANXMAN" HELP IN MOORING THEIR SHIP ALONGSIDE H.M.S. "LIVERPOOL" IN PORT SAID: Turns of the heavy mooring-rope around the revolving capstan warp the ship alongside. In the background is Navy House, headquarters of the Royal Navy in Egypt.

AN ARMED ROYAL NAVAL PATROL IN PORT SAID: The patrol-boat is seen passing across the bows of the cruiser H.M.S. *Liverpool*. Patrols like this one are constantly policing the harbour to prevent thefts of stores and equipment arriving for forces in the Canal Zone.

A FOREIGN COMMENTARY

A Pictorial Survey

With Notes By
FERDINAND TUOHY

CAMPAIGNING WITH A LIGHTED LANTERN AND BELL : Rana Jung Bahadur Singh, formerly Editor-in-Chief of the *Times of India*, is one of those who are hoping to bring about the defeat of the Nehru Government in the Indian elections. Nehru's Government, he says, has made India's capital dark—"I use a lantern to light the people's path and a bell to wake them from age-long slumber."

India Votes.—The two-year-old Republic of India goes to the poll for the first time—and the verb is correctly used inasmuch as the opening election took place on December 10. January is the big month, and the full results will not be known until February. For these elections to 27 State Legislatures and a central House of Representatives at New Delhi cover a sub-continent of 1,150,000 square miles, populated by 357,000,000 beings, about one-half of whom may vote.

Last time an undivided All-India voted, the figure was 35,000,000 enfranchised out of a grand total of 397,000,000. Now the adult vote to Indian men and women, less Pakistan, yields an electorate of over 170,000,000 spread over nearly 3,800 provincial or State constituencies. When the final count is made, these will have returned slightly more M.P.s to their Central Houses of the People; in addition to which must be counted 500 M.P.s to the Delhi Parliament, and 250 members of the (Upper) House of States.

The elections have been called "the greatest experiment in Parliamentary democracy the world has ever known," and no wonder. What will come of this colossal consultation of a widely illiterate electorate, whose political backwardness and quickness of emotion lays it open to spell-binding by the very politically-minded—often the fanatically so—of their communities?

The first result to be announced was cosy. It came from the hills, from Simla (the region now has another name), and the Congress Party got a clear majority. But the second lot of figures were disturbing for Delhi. They came from Travancore, in the extreme south, and showed the United Leftist Front, or Revolutionary Socialism heavily impregnated by Communism, as winning in the ratio of 12 seats to 27 to the Congress Party (the election continues at this writing).

Travancore's 4,300,000 electors are among the most literate in the whole nation and the fight was Socialism v. Communism. The Communists had long and specially nursed Travancore and so it is to-day called a "hot-house plant," abnormal. Yet hot-house growths have a knack of communicating themselves without.

Features of the elections are the keen interest taken by the women who may decide the voting (as recently in Argentina), the rash of independent candidates losing their deposits (Mrs. Goenka, the first woman returned, defeated six men), and the appearance of Native Prince candidates, including the Maharaja of Jodhpur in person. (Up in Pakistan's North-West Province, two women have been returned in the first adult elections, where a year or two ago they'd have been still in purdah. The Muslim League has won handsomely up there.)

Premier Nehru has been making himself heard from during the polling. He went to the frontier of Portuguese Goa, oldest foreign possession India has ever known, and announced that "foreign rule in India will soon be coming to an end." For the benefit of the French in the enclaves of Pondicherry, Karikal, Yanaon and Mahé, he added: "We cannot tolerate foreign States in any part of the country."

Strange to think of French still in India, even as they were there before the British! The former have also been holding elections, returning an unopposed Socialism within the French Union. Indians in the enclaves are quite satisfied with things as they are, and this vexes and perplexes Delhi, especially as it is faced by a French offer to hold a free and fair plebiscite. India is inclined to shrink from the word "plebiscite"—witness Kashmir.

ON THE HUSTINGS IN RAJASTHAN, THE HOME OF THE RAJPUT WARRIORS : An election address is being delivered from the bonnet of a car in the streets of Jodhpur. The Congress Party in Rajasthan is opposed by the former ruling classes. The Maharajah of Jodhpur is himself a candidate.

RECEIVING HIS AWARD FOR PRODUCING 726 MAUNDS, THREE SEERS AND THREE CHATTAKE OF POTATOES PER ACRE : Pandit Nehru with Mr. Madho Kirpal of Hapur, in the United Provinces, the winner of the first prize in the all-India Potato Competition.

***On right*—THE RE-EMERGENCE OF EVA PERON : Watched by her husband, the Argentine President, who is seen on the right of the picture, the first lady of Argentina signs autographs at the Presidential Palace in Buenos Aires. She also gave away Christmas gifts to many children visiting the Palace, and received congratulations on her recovery from her recent illness.**

Eva is Back Again.—Madame Eva Peron's first public appearance after her operation showed her in character—distributing Christmas presents and signing autographs. The remarkable young woman is back again!

At one stage, in Buenos Aires, she was not expected to recover, and the prospect of her demise provoked speculation stretching over both political and social fields. For, rightly or wrongly, it is felt that President Peron could not carry on long without his wife, at least in the direction he has been moving for five years past.

Madame Peron will not be back in harness until next month. She is still suffering from anæmia. The menace of her illness is suggested by the gift of a gold medal, by the General Confederation of Labour, to Dr. Ricardo Finochietta, a sixty-three-year-old cancer expert. It was he who operated in November, together with New York's leading cancer specialist, who was flown down to the Argentine capital.

Health permitting, Madame Peron should demonstrate in ensuing months how much leeway she has to make up in order to enjoy the same prestige and authority that were hers before her miscalculated decision to offer herself for the Vice-Presidency. The possibility that it could be a case of President Eva, did anything grievous befall her husband, was too much for a whole mass of Argentinians beyond the "shirtless" ranks, while the risk of Eva becoming Commander-in-Chief of the Army quite took the breath away in messes up and down the land.

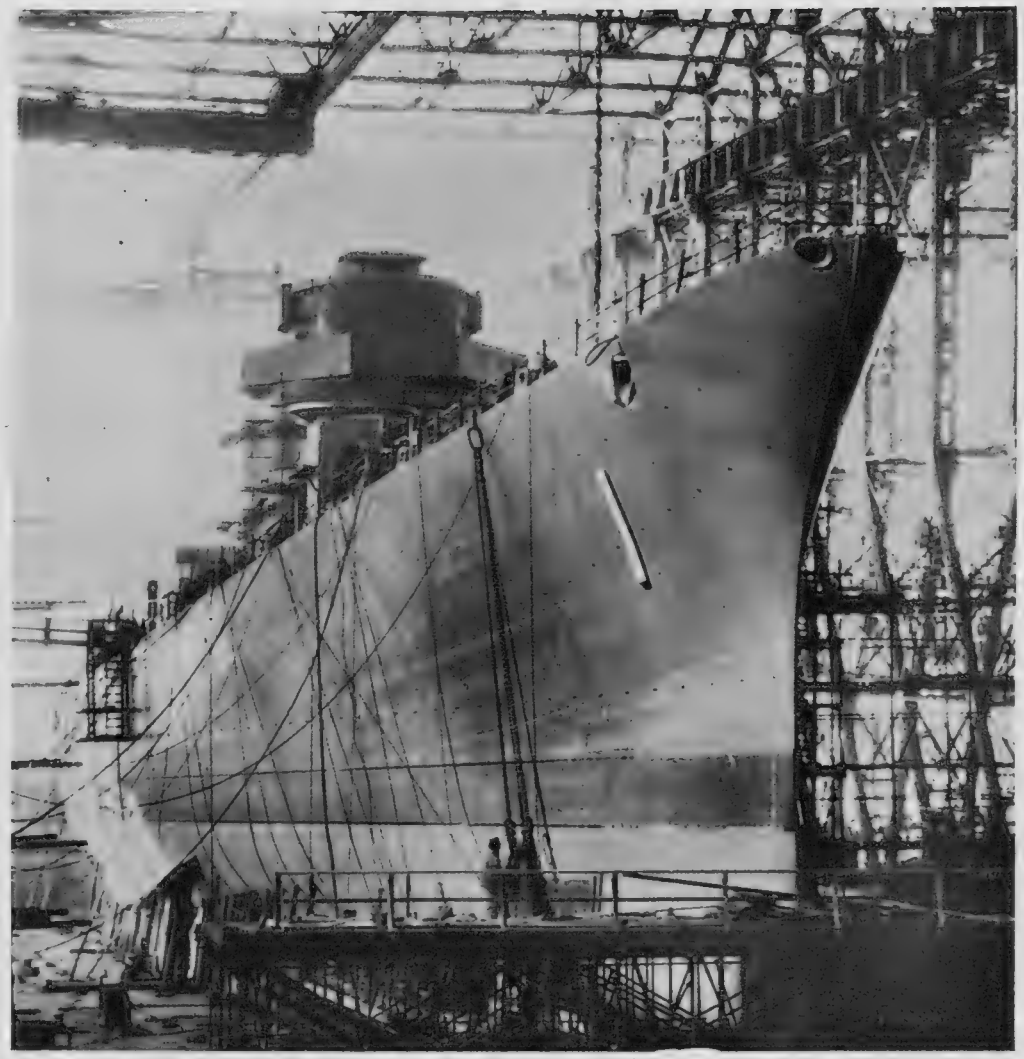
It has been said that the Perons have fitted a form of Fascism on Argentina, but with the trade unions as the main pillar, a thing Mussolini never could encompass, though he tried hard with the Corporate State. What is clear is that Argentina of the Peronistas aspires to the leadership of all South America, in which case she is likely to find the biggest hurdle in Brazil, to whose future expansion no one can yet set a limit.

On right—

Hunting the Submarine.—The launch of the new United States cruiser *Norfolk*, which has been described as a hunter-killer ship and will be rated as a destroyer leader, focusses attention once again on the new naval techniques now being developed on the other side of the Atlantic. Since the end of the Second World War American naval men have become reconciled to the secondary role of the battleship, most acknowledging the carrier as the spearhead of the fleet. Now, with the new menace of the Snort under-water breathing apparatus, which makes the submarine a deadlier weapon than heretofore, naval men are thinking seriously in terms of hunter-killer teams. These hunter-killer teams are variously composed, but it is essential that they consist of search craft, to seek out the enemy submarines, and killer craft to destroy them. The general search weapons are shipboard sonar and airborne radar, the latter sometimes being carried in naval blimps (which are now in fashion again). The kill is accomplished by planes (such as the newly-modified Skyraider) and by ships (such as the *Norfolk* and her sister-craft, which will in due course no doubt be following her down the American slipways). Two hunter-killer ships were authorised in 1947, and work on the *Norfolk* was begun in November, 1948. She should be commissioned during the summer if work goes according to schedule. This special type of anti-submarine vessel is very much on the secret list at the present moment. It is clear, however, that her hull form is that of the San Diego class. In re-rating the *Norfolk* as a destroyer leader a new category will appear in the U.S. Navy List. She will cost 44,000,000 dollars.

ACCREDITED TO THE NEW NORTH AFRICAN STATE: Sir Alec Kirkbride (left centre) greeted on his arrival at Castel Benito Airport by Fathel Fawzi El Amir, Private Secretary of the Tripolitanian Prime Minister. Sir Alec is First British Minister to Libya, whose independence was proclaimed on Christmas Eve. Sir Alec, who is deeply knowledgeable upon Near Eastern affairs and was a colleague of Lawrence of Arabia, will have his headquarters at Benghazi, one of the twin capitals of the new State. The other capital is at Tripoli, and this dual system has been established, it is understood, to balance rival factions in search of power and to facilitate administration.

GENERAL OF THE ARMY EISENHOWER GREETS PREMIER DE GASPERI: The European Supreme Commander makes an expressive gesture at S.H.A.P.E. headquarters near Paris following his meeting with the Italian Premier, who was visiting Paris for the European Army Conference.



PREPARING THE LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES WARSHIP "NORFOLK," A NEW-TYPE CRUISER BUILT AT CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY: The ship, designed to engage in submarine hunter-killer operations, was named by Betty King Duckworth, the daughter of the Mayor of Norfolk, Virginia.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE EUROPEAN ARMY TALKS IN PARIS: Delegates leave the Quai d'Orsay at the close of the Six-Power Conference on the European Army. The three at left rear are (left to right) M. F. Vigeveno, Holland; Major-General Mathon, Holland, and Dirk Stikker, Dutch Foreign Minister. Below them, and reading from left to right, are M. Van Vredenburgh, Holland; Josef Bech, Luxembourg's Foreign Minister; M. Hommel, Luxembourg; Andre de Staerke, Belgium; Randolfo Paggiardi, Italian Defence Minister; W. Rhipagen, Holland; N. de Groot, Holland. In the centre, profile to camera, is the Belgian Foreign Minister, Paul Van Zeeland.

The European Army Question.—The Paris talks on the creation of an European Army are to be continued towards the end of this month in the hope that the finished article may be presented to the decisive N.A.T.O. meeting in Lisbon on February 2. The talks between France, Italy, Germany, Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg have reached their goals on all points save the allotment of expenditure.

The obstacle is the method by which national budgets shall be transformed into a common defence budget, and the Benelux countries have won an adjournment which may presage the bowing of the big ones—France, Germany and Italy—to their views.

In other respects, the talks have brought the future Army into much sharper outline: its composition and integration have been agreed, together with the nature of the supra-national authority governing its training, equipment, armament and use. This authority will combine an Assembly, a Council of Ministers and a Court of Justice.

The surprise of the talks was the way in which the smaller Powers came out in favour of federation as the ultimate aim. Dr. Stikker, Holland's Foreign Minister, was insistent on this score, and did much to frame the resolve of all six delegations that the ultimate aim of their countries was the creation of a federal system in Europe which would extend beyond purely military matters.

MIDDLE SEA "C.-in-C.": Admiral Girosi, who is appointed Naval Commander for the Sector of the Central Mediterranean under the American, Admiral Robert Carney.

THE COMMUNIST PRISONERS IN KOREA

Over 130,000 Communist Prisoners of War Are Being Well Cared for in South Korea

Since the beginning of the Korean war in 1950 both sides have taken many thousands of prisoners, and the problem of their future has been a major stumbling-block in the interminable armistice negotiations which, at the time of writing, are still continuing. At one time democratic opinion was gravely disturbed by reports that President Rhee's South Korean administration had been responsible for the murder and torture of prisoners and of suspected Communist sympathisers. It is certain that the strong reaction to these reports by the peoples of the Western world was to a large degree responsible for the improvement in general conditions of prisoners in South Korean and allied hands. These pictures show they are indeed being treated as humanely as is possible in the prevailing conditions. Detailed records of every prisoner are kept; notes on illnesses they have suffered, of immunisation against epidemic diseases and even a regular record of the prisoner's weight are all included. They are well-housed, provided with warm clothes and are given normal facilities for recreation. They do work on roads and similar tasks. How United Nations prisoners have fared in Communist hands is another matter. There have been reports of the most disturbing character, and the singular reticence on the part of Communist delegates to the armistice talks to supply full details of captives in their hands lends weight to the belief that many have died either by neglect or actual ill-treatment.

COMMUNIST PRISONERS OF WAR REPAIRING A LANDSLIDE IN SOUTH KOREA: In a continuous flow, the warmly-clad men carry large stones to be deposited at the roadside. These prisoners of war are from a big camp on the island of Koje-do, off Pusan, in South Korea.

A GENERAL VIEW OF A CAMP FOR COMMUNIST PRISONERS OF WAR IN SOUTH KOREA: The camp is clean and neat and the lines of tents provide adequate shelter for the prisoners. This is a camp on Koje-do Island, in South Korea.

WOMEN OFFICERS OF THE COMMUNIST GUERILLA FORCES: They are pictured in a prisoner-of-war stockade in Korea after their capture in battle recently by South Korean troops. The women are described as graduates of a Communist Party school run by guerillas.

A COMMUNIST TINSMITH PLIES HIS TRADE IN A UNITED NATIONS PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMP: He is displaying some of the toy cars and kitchen utensils he has completed during his imprisonment on Koje-do. Well-fed and clothed, he has been learning something of the democratic way of life.

CHINESE PRISONERS TAKE MORNING EXERCISES IN AN ALLIED CAMP: Apparently they have become as enthusiastic for the democratic way of life as they were recently of the Communist; in the background of this picture is seen their own version of the Statue of Liberty, which they made in their spare time. Basket-ball is one of the popular American games they have learned to play.

AUSTRALIA AT THE YEAR'S TURN

Men of H.M.S. "Glory" March Past in Sydney: The Drama of the Annual Ocean Yacht Race from Sydney to Hobart

THE MEN OF THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "GLORY" PASSING THE SALUTING-BASE AT THE TOWN HALL STEPS, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, WHERE THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, THE HON. K. W. STREET, TOOK THE SALUTE: Five hundred and thirty officers and men of the *Glory* took part in the parade following the carrier's arrival at Garden Island, Sydney, for a refit. After the refit *Glory* left for Korea to continue her part in the war. *Glory* is the nameship of a class of six light aircraft-carriers which rendered fine service during the latter days of the Second World War and have also done so since the war. H.M.S. *Glory* was laid down in 1942.

THE MAJOR YACHTING EVENT OF THE AUSTRALIAN SUMMER—THE START OF THE SYDNEY-HOBART OCEAN YACHT RACE: Some of the participating yachts are seen before they left the security of Sydney Harbour and made for the open sea. The race is controlled by the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia in co-operation with the Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania. This was the seventh annual race. The winner was the 35-ft. sloop, *Struen Marie*, which sailed the 680 miles in 4 days 3 hrs. 38.5 mins. The *Margaret Rintoul* crossed the finishing-line first, but lost on the handicap. Several boats broke the record of 4 days 5 hrs. established by *Morna* in the 1948-49 race. Very often the race produces unexpected results. In 1946, when it was thought that the 51-ft. Tasmania cutter *Winston Churchill* was leading, *Rani* emerged from the blue and won the race. The little vessel had actually been reported lost for five days.

EYES RIGHT AT THE SALUTING-BASE: Officers and men of H.M.S. *Glory* seen as they passed the reviewing stand on the Town Hall steps at Sydney. Big crowds lined the streets to watch the crew of the aircraft-carrier go by.

THE MENACE OF THE SYDNEY SHORE: Bondi fishermen removing the hook from the jaws of a 12-ft. whaler shark caught on a set line off Sydney's famous Bondi beach. The shark, a man-eater type, is one of many caught off Sydney's surfing beaches during the present swimming season. Sharks, however, failed to keep tens of thousands of young Australians from surfing regularly at Sydney during the Christmas and New Year holiday period.

ROUNDING THE SOUTH HEAD AT SYDNEY AND MAKING FOR THE OPEN SEA: The yawl *Margaret Rintoul* seen in the lead at the start of the Sydney to Hobart yacht race, a lead which she held apparently from start to finish, but it was not sufficient to secure the victory on handicap over the *Struen Marie*.

THE SUBMARINE EXPLORERS

Equipped With Underwater Cameras and Breathing Apparatus, Scientists are Studying Ocean Life at First-hand

When spring comes round again, the 142-ft. schooner *Radiant* will head her prow towards the far-away islands of the Solomons and the Marquesas, the next settings for underwater studies by scientists of the International Institute of Biological Research.

The Institute's band of young scientists will be equipped with simple diving devices of a special design. They will wear special rubber "feet" patterned along the styles used by the intrepid frogmen in the last war. But there will be nothing warlike about the activities of these underwater explorers. They will be in the coral islands to examine and photograph the fantastic world that lies beneath the blue surface of the vast Pacific.

Even in this enlightened "Age of the Atom," the sea, comprising 70 per cent. of the globe, is an intriguing mystery. It is a vast, uncharted area of hills and valleys, a submerged land of incredible beauty and enchantment. The creatures inhabiting this never-never-land of the ocean bottom defy description.

There are many thousands of classified fish and mammal species, but the science is still very much in its infancy. Many more species remain to be discovered, observed and given their place in the family of animals. To do this is in part the task of members of the International Institute.

Why, it has been asked, is it necessary to descend to the ocean bottom to study fish and plant forms? Why is it not possible to carry on this same research in the comfort of a modern aquarium? The answer is quite simple: captive fish are dullish; they have no "personality," as it were. In the crystal-clear water of the coral reefs, the fish's natural habitat, these creatures of the deep are completely themselves, unlike the "repressed" ones subjected to the tedium of public display.

Hans Haas, the underwater explorer, says that in one of his experiments in the Red Sea, he experimented in fish reactions. Equipped with submarine microphones and loudspeakers, he shouted at schools of fish to see what they would do. The vibration of sound waves has strange effects. Once, when assistants in his floating laboratory played some Viennese waltz records to be broadcast under the water, a group of jacks—big fellows weighing 15 to 20 lb.—circled the speaker in rhythm that can only be described as dancing. There were at least 300 in the "dancing school."

The Red Sea, he says, is one of the hottest bodies of water he has ever encountered. The temperature there is higher than blood-heat, soaring to 105 deg. This water has one other distinction. It is infested with evil sharks. When first Hans Haas decided to explore the flora and fauna of this area, he had trouble enlisting help. With headquarters in Port Sudan, he sought desperately to recruit natives who might be of assistance to his little party. They were so in awe of sharks and so impressed by his apparent disregard of them, that he came to be known as "Big Shark." They declared that Mr. Haas had in his possession a letter from Allah permitting him to swim about with sharks in safety.

There are any number of exciting stories about encounters between man and shark; of how they have been subdued or killed with one well-delivered knife blow, and of how they can be twisted into fear and submission by grabbing them by the tail. But Mr. Haas doubts whether these stories are true.

The anatomy of the shark is interesting. It has been designed as the most efficient of submarines. A shark can speed through the water at 40 to 50 miles an hour. From the tip of its ugly snout to the end of its tail, it is a mass of powerful muscle. Its hide, very rough, is like that of an elephant. Its heart is tiny and surrounded by bone and sinews as strong as cables.

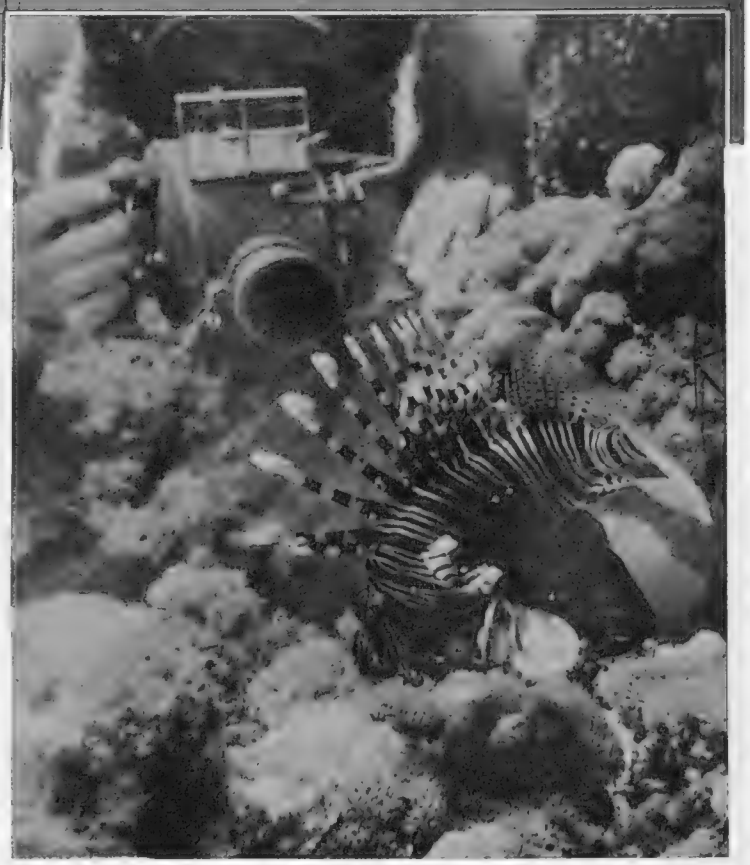
NATURE STUDY ON THE OCEAN BED: *Above*—A trio of submarine "ramblers," armed with harpoons, explore the coral-carpeted sea-bottom. They are equipped with light-weight diving apparatus and underwater cameras. *On right*—Seated on a mound of coral, a lady "frogman" photographs a passing school of fish. The science of marine biology is still very much in its infancy.

FISH ON THE LEAD: This goggled swimmer, pictured just beneath the surface, has a jack and a giant grouper in tow. Harpooning fish under the water became a fashionable pastime in some Mediterranean coastal resorts soon after the war, but these swimmers, in search of biological knowledge rather than sport, have for the most part substituted the underwater camera for the harpoon-gun.

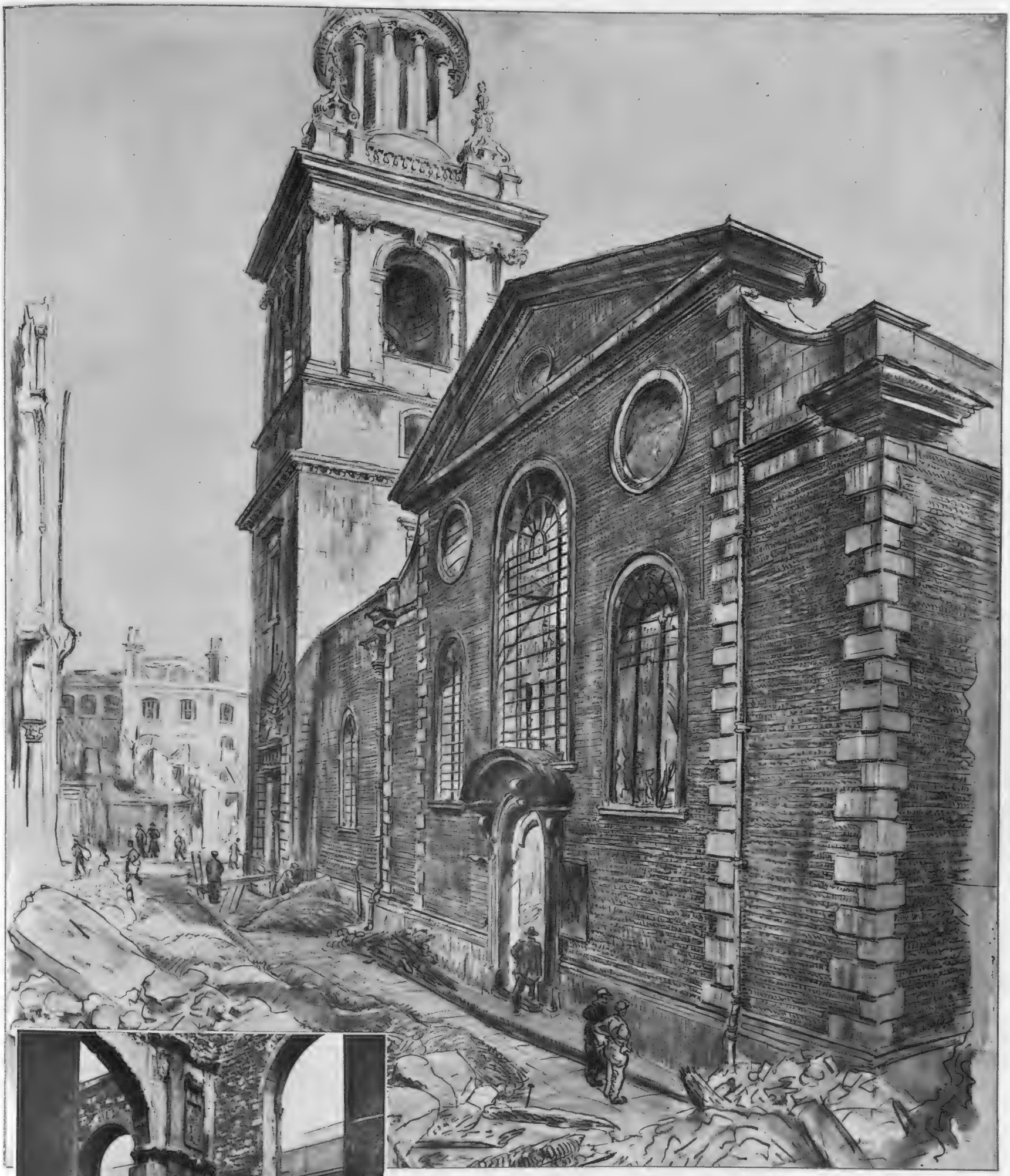
The only way to get along with sharks when you invade their watery domain, says Mr. Haas, is to evidence no fear whatever. Since the shark is feared by everything that swims, such an attitude on your part startles him. If he still shows interest in you, pretend you are going to attack.

That usually works. As a last resort, in case it doesn't, shout as loudly as you can. The sound-waves and bubbles seem to have an almost magical effect in repelling sharks. Naturally, the safest measure is to make your way to the surface—with efficiency and expedition.

Oxygen which is pumped down to the underwater explorers from the boat on the surface seems to have a strange effect after they have been breathing it for a while—and modern diving rigs permit them to remain under water for as long as a full hour. It produces a dreamy state, in which the diver is completely captivated by the beautiful colours and fantastic forms of ocean-floor environment. This is regarded as a danger signal and the diver must return at once to the surface.



TAKING A CLOSE-UP OF A WEIRD OCEAN DENIZEN: Most of us have to be content with a rare visit to the Zoo's aquarium to see the wonders of marine life. Even with the finest breathing apparatus, diving for long periods demands a sturdy physique and great endurance.



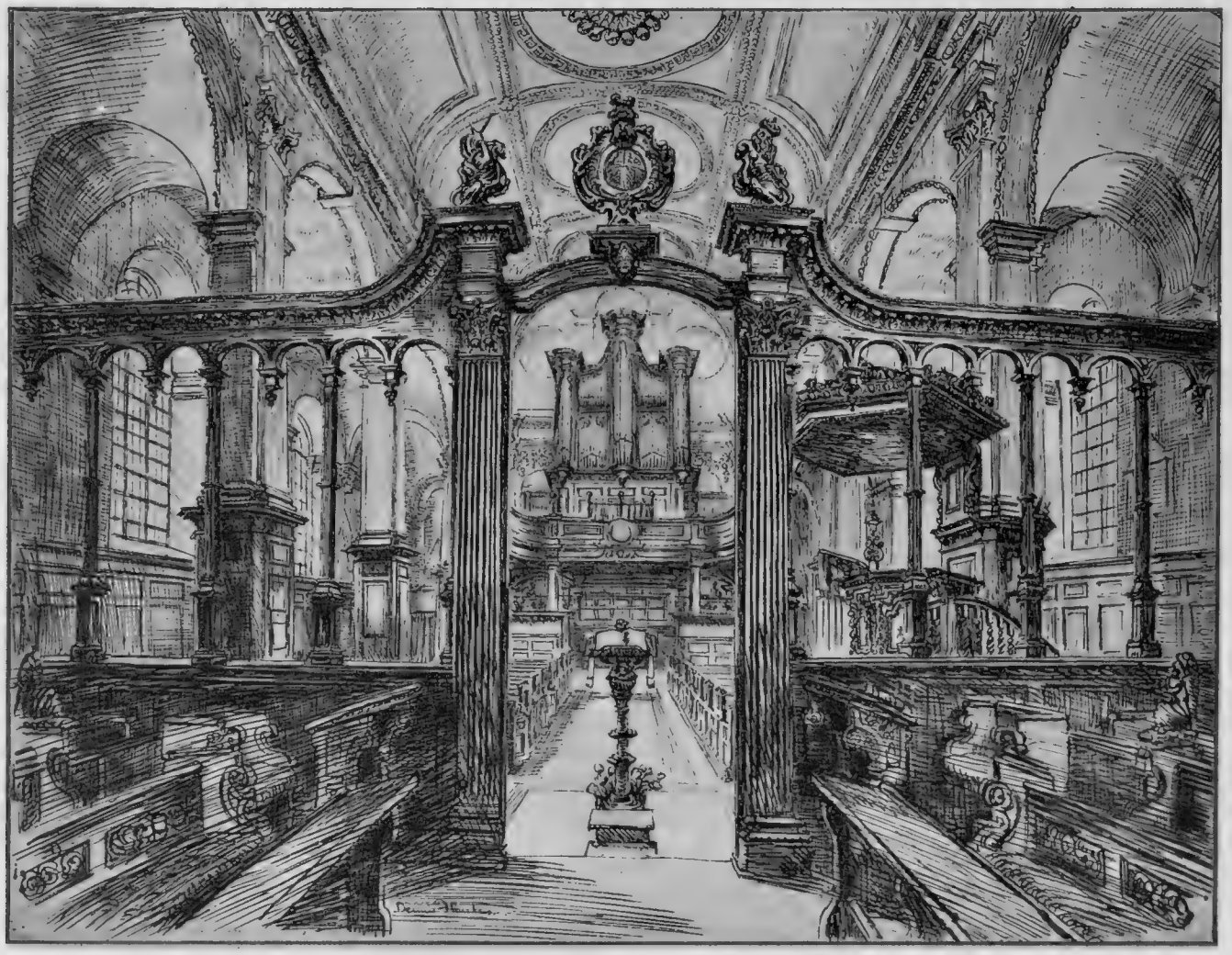
THE HALF-DESTROYED CHURCH OF ST. MARY-LE-BOW AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE BLITZ OF 1941—A DRAWING BY DENNIS FLANDERS SHOWING THE TOWER INTACT AND THE BODY OF THE CHURCH REDUCED TO A MERE SHELL: Under the master plan for the restoration of London's City churches, announced recently by the Bishop of London and the Diocesan Reorganisation Committee, St. Mary-le-Bow will be one of the twenty-four parish churches to be retained out of the forty-six in the existing establishment, and fifteen more will be rebuilt or restored as Guild Churches, which will have an entirely new and vital function. All of them, however, will make better pastoral provision for the City of London's large non-resident daytime population. St. Mary-le-Bow was built by Wren in 1671, on the site of an older church.

On left—**SINGING CHRISTMAS CAROLS WITHIN THE SHELL OF ST. BRIDE'S, THE "CATHEDRAL OF FLEET STREET":** This picture was taken just before Christmas when carol-singing took place under the auspices of the Guildhall School of Music. Under the City reorganisation scheme St. Bride's will be one of the parish churches. It is hoped rebuilding will begin in 1953.

LONDON CITY'S MASTER CHURCH PLAN

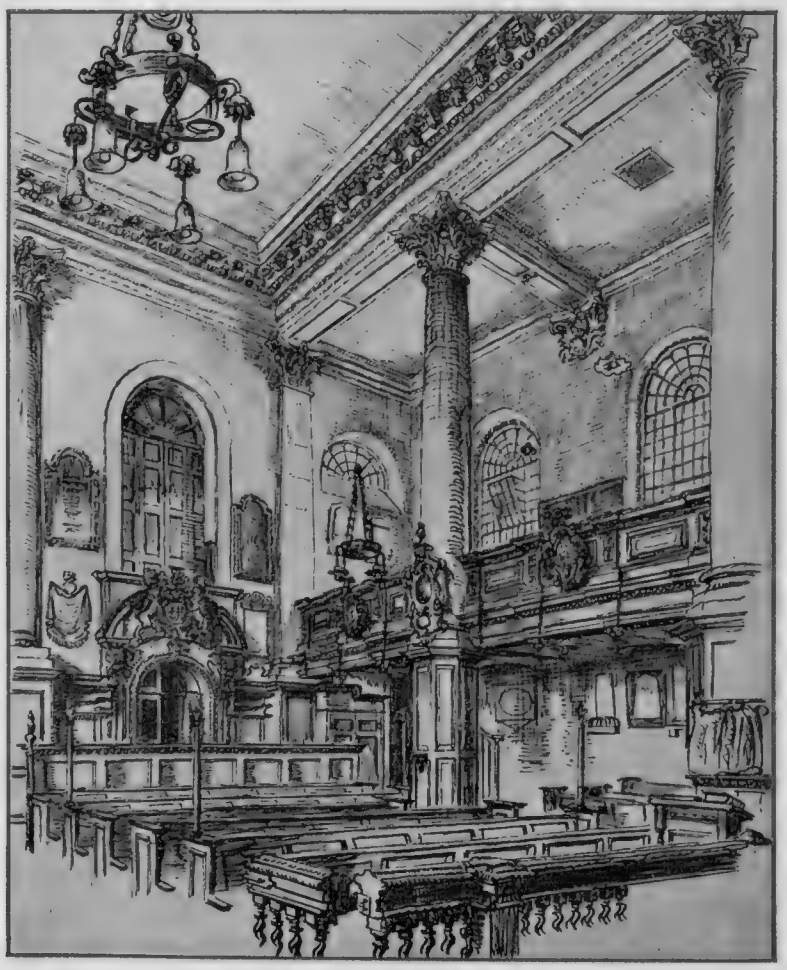
A SPECIAL SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" DEALING WITH THE BOLD AND IMAGINATIVE SCHEME FOR THE REORGANISATION OF THE FORTY-SIX PARISHES OF THE CITY

With Illustrations by "Sphere" Artists and Special Photographs



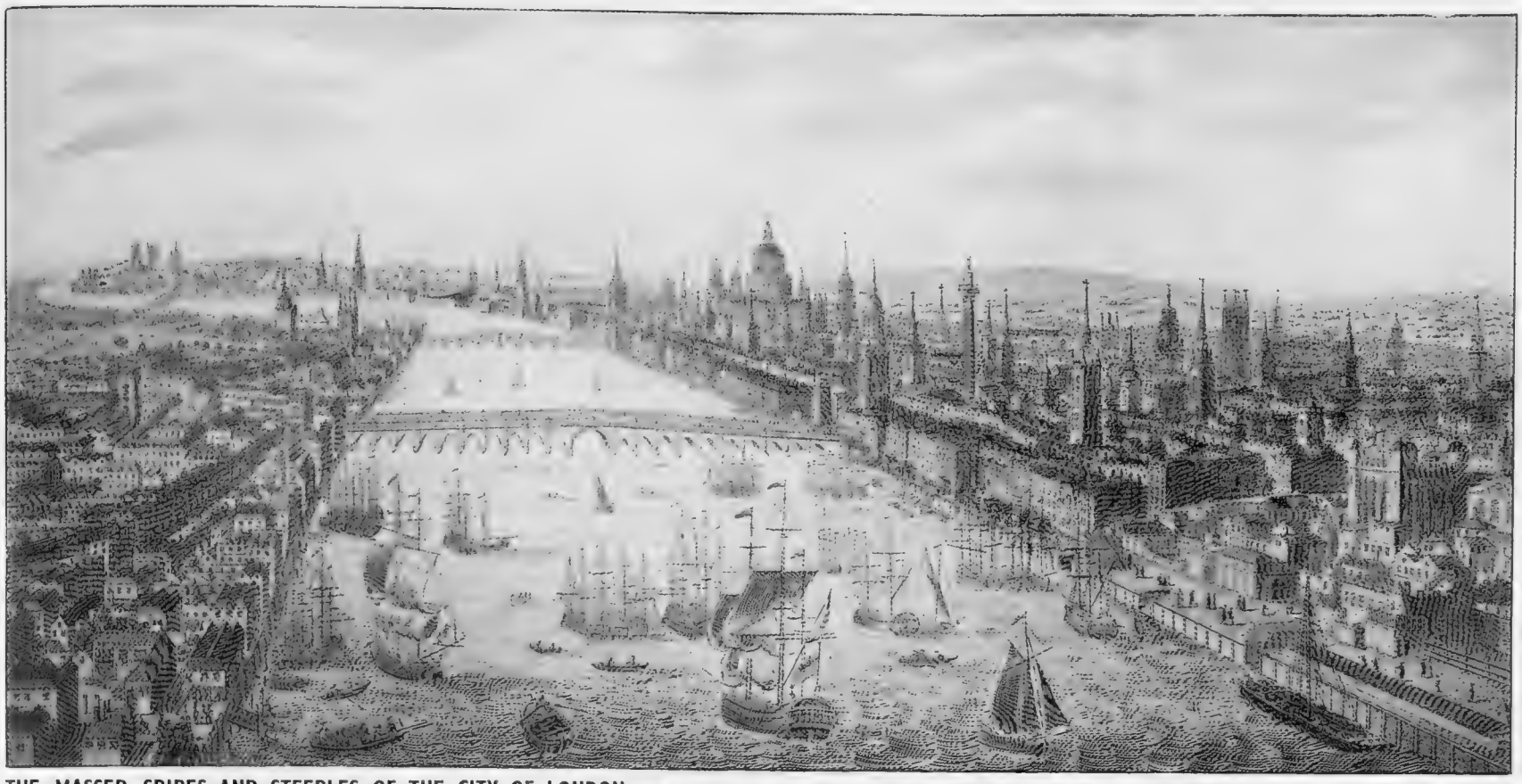
LOOKING FROM THE CHOIR OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, CORNHILL, STANDING ON THE SITE OF THE FIRST CHURCH BUILT IN LONDON: St. Peter's is designated as one of the twenty-four new parish churches under the City reorganisation scheme. In this drawing Dennis Flanders shows the famous organ upon which Mendelssohn played.

***On left*—DESIGNATED AS ONE OF THE NEW GUILD CHURCHES:** Dennis Flanders here gives an interior view of St. Katherine Cree Church, which was built in 1631 and consecrated by Laud with ceremonies which, it was said, were unnecessarily elaborate. The church escaped the Great Fire, but it has been much repaired and restored.



ST. BENET'S, THAMES STREET, ONE OF THE NEW GUILD CHURCHES—A DRAWING BY DENNIS FLANDERS LOOKING ACROSS THE PEWS TO THE GALLERY: St. Benet's was built by Wren on the site of the church destroyed in the Fire. In 1879 it was given by the Bishop of London to the Welsh congregation.

***On left*—THE FAMOUS ROOD SCREEN IN ST. MARGARET'S, LOTHBURY:** Like St. Peter's, Cornhill, this church has a magnificent rood screen, this example having been brought from All-Hallows the Great when the latter church was torn down in 1895. St. Margaret's is designated as a new parish church. It was built by Wren in 1690, and has for long represented seven parishes in the City, including St. Mary Colechurch.—*Drawings by Dennis Flanders.*



THE MASSED SPIRES AND STEEPLES OF THE CITY OF LONDON—AN OLD ENGRAVING WHICH REFLECTS THE MODERN PROBLEM OF THE CITY CHURCHES WHICH IN THE PRESENT CENTURY HAVE CATERED FOR A MUCH-DWINDLED RESIDENT POPULATION: This drawing, originally published by F. West, of 83, Fleet Street, and now reproduced in "The Sphere," by permission of the Parker Gallery, shows the river from Westminster to the Tower of London, and with St. Paul's, that symbol of London's greatness, dominating the middle distance. It was Wren who made London a city of spires, and the majority of them have survived both "improvers" and enemy attacks. Under the new master plan for the City churches, the present number of forty-six parish churches will be reduced to twenty-four, and fifteen more churches will be rebuilt or restored as Guild Churches, which will have no parochial responsibilities, but will exist to serve the week-day population.

LONDON CITY'S MASTER CHURCH PLAN

Under this Bold Scheme the City will Become a Mighty "Ecclesiastical Laboratory" for New Pastoral Techniques

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND J. W. C. WAND, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF LONDON

SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS BY W. P. ROBINS, A.R.W.S., R.E., AND DENNIS FLANDERS

Long before the Second World War it was realised that some bold and imaginative plan was needed to deal with the forty-six parishes of the City of London. With the City's dwindled resident population, so many parishes and so many incumbents to shepherd them seemed unnecessary; while away out in the suburbs of mushroom growth there was often no adequate ministry. The blitz, with all that it meant in damage and destruction to the City churches, provided an opportunity for a new plan for the parishes in the heart of London. That plan, in part based upon the findings of the Bishop of London's Commission on the City Churches appointed in September 1941 and submitted to the London Diocesan Reorganisation Committee, was at once bold and imaginative, taking full account of architectural values and of spiritual needs, but also revolutionary. It provided for large-scale restoration without perpetuating long-standing anachronisms, and from it has been hammered the new City of London (Guild Churches) Bill which, on becoming law, will, with other reorganisation schemes prepared by the Church Commissioners, transform the City into "a vast ecclesiastical laboratory." Just what the plan envisages is described in broad outline in the special article which Dr. Wand, the present Bishop of London, has specially contributed to this issue of The Sphere, *and in which he sets out the differing status of the new parish churches and the newly-created Guild Churches. Dr. Wand, who has written widely on church history, became the 112th Bishop of London in 1945. Prior to that he was Bishop of Bath and Wells. His determination to give a new meaning to the work of the churches in the business centre of his diocese, to provide spiritual ministration for the large, non-residential daytime population of the City, and to forge new links between the Church and the civic life of the capital, has won the admiration of all. As one writer has put it, "Here is evidence that the Church is determined to do her Lord's work in the market-place."*

THE fate of the City churches has hung in the balance for a generation. It is time that we made up our minds how they may best be used.

They were originally built by the munificence of founders and benefactors to meet the needs of a situation very different from that which prevails to-day. In the Middle Ages the citizens of London lived, as the citizens of many Continental cities still do, in close proximity to their work. The square mile of the City was not only a busy hive of industry, it was also a teeming place of residence. The area was divided into parishes and the churches fulfilled normal parochial functions. Many of them were also closely associated with the Trade Guilds, and in that respect fulfilled functions that were not strictly parochial.

These conditions still prevailed in the seventeenth century, when a considerable proportion of the City, domestic buildings, shops and churches alike, was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. There was therefore every reason why at that time the churches should be rebuilt, and why the existing ecclesiastical organisation should be retained. The result was the achievement of the greatest monument to the architectural genius of one man the world has ever known. Clustered round the classic grandeur of the Cathedral, the churches, whether of the earlier or later period, still form a glorious galaxy of monumental gems which is unique.

Their environment, however, has changed out of all recognition. There are more people than ever within the City by day, far fewer by night. The citizens of London now prefer to work in one place and to live in another. Inevitably they and their families form fresh ties in their new places of residence. It is surprising, however, how many of the workers themselves are still glad to find cultural opportunities within the City boundaries. Nevertheless, the emphasis has shifted even for them. Their week-ends belong to their families. It is only in the middle of the week that they can take part in such activities within the City. On Sundays the churches, apart from St. Paul's and a few of the more famous churches, are like the rest of the buildings, practically deserted.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON, DR. WAND, RECEIVING A GIFT FOR THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S RECONSTRUCTION FUND: This picture was taken in the foyer of the Scala Theatre as the Bishop met those attending a special fund-raising concert.

To meet this situation several schemes have been propounded. A generation ago the shift of population made it seem proper to follow the people and build new churches for them in the districts to which they had moved. That was indeed a necessary task for a living church. But when it was proposed to raise the money needed for this enterprise by disposing of churches and church sites in the centre of London there was so great an outcry from almost every quarter that the scheme was dropped. An alternative suggestion was to move some of the churches stone by stone and rebuild them in the midst of the growing population in the suburbs. This was done in the case of St. Andrew's, Well Street, from Central London, and of the tower of St. Edmund, Lombard Street, from the City, but it proved so terribly expensive that no further attempt of the kind was made.

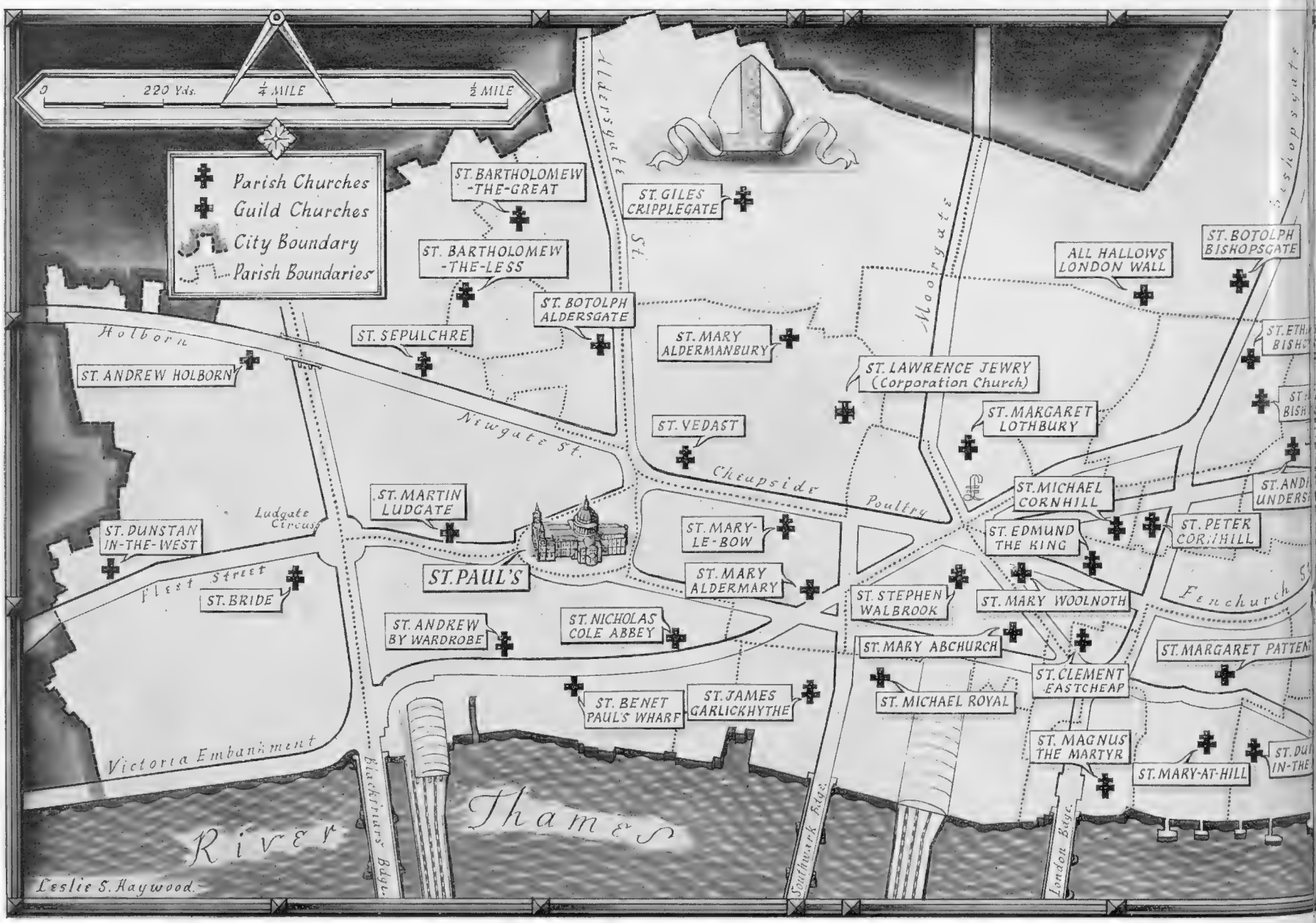
The Second World War, with the terrible destruction it brought to the City, made a fresh consideration of the subject imperative. A commission, sitting under Lord Merriman, published a comprehensive review of the whole situation in two very valuable reports. As the result of the first, the complicated system of ecclesiastical finance was reduced to order and an agreed Bill was passed through Parliament giving the Church a fixed capital payment in lieu of tithe. The second report dealt with the buildings and advised that all but four of the churches should be restored or rebuilt. It did not go very far in discussing the use to which the buildings should be put. What the two reports did, in fact, was not to solve our problems for us but to say: "Here are the tools we think you ought to have, it is for you to decide what you will do with them."

(*Continued on page* 55)

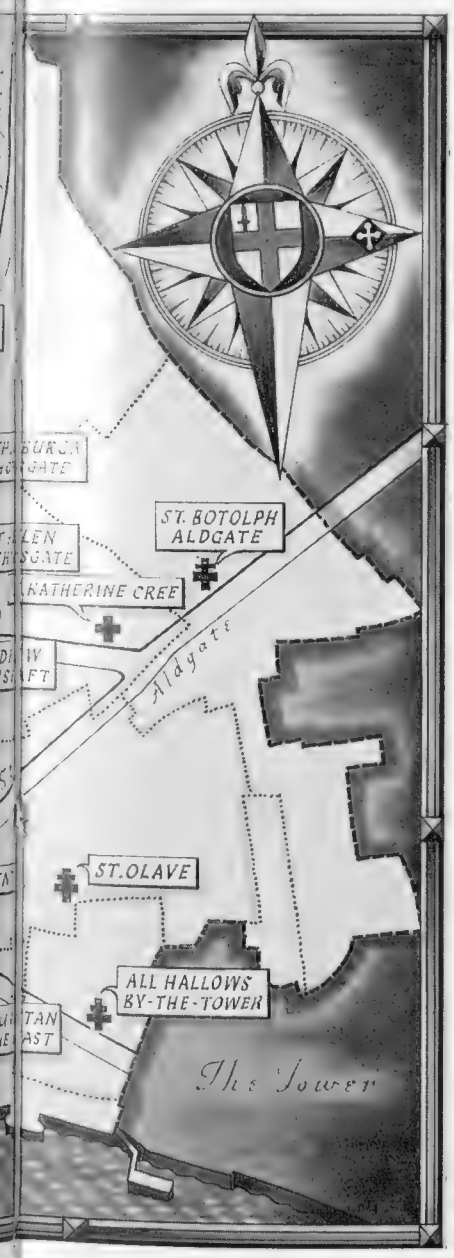
THE CITY OF LONDON'S CHURCHES TWO CENTURIES AGO

The Panorama of Steeples from Blackfriars to Shop-crowded London Bridge

This panoramic engraving based upon an original drawing in Southwark Cathedral, and reproduced by permission of the Parker Gallery, shows the City churches which in the days of a vast resident population played a vital part in the life of the community and a large proportion of which survive to this day to figure in the new London reorganisation scheme. Reading from left to right, the spires and towers are as follows: St. Benet's, St. [illegible] Magdalen, St. Nic[illegible] Queen-Hithe, St. [illegible] Garlickhythe, St. [illegible] Aldermary, St. M[illegible] Wood Street, St. [illegible]



...artin's, Ludgate, St. Mary Somerset, St. Mary ...gas Cole Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Michael's ...stin's, Christ Church, St. Mildred's, St. James's ...thew's, St. Vedast, Allhallows, Breadstreet, St. Mary ...ael's, Colarts Hill, St. Mary-le-Bow, St. Alban's, ...tholin's, St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, St. Mary's Aldermanbury, St. Michael's Basingshaw, Old Street Church, St. Lawrence Jewry, St. Martin's, Allhallows, St. Stephen's Walbrook, St. Swithin's, St. Margaret's, Lothbury, St. Christopher's, St. Mary Abchurch, St. Mary Woolnoth, St. Bartholomew's, St. Benedict's, St. Clement's, Eastcheap, St. Edmund the King's, St. Michael's, Cornhill, St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, Allhallows, St. Peter's, Cornhill, St. Botolph's near Bishopsgate, St. Benet's, St. Magnus, St. Dionis Backchurch, St. George's, Christ's Church, Spitalfields, St. Margaret Pattens, St. Mary-at-Hill, St. Botolph's, Aldgate, St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, and St. Olave's. The survival of St. Paul's Cathedral in the Second World War was at once the surprise and the wonder of all Londoners, who during the blitz saw such immense areas devastated.



LONDON CITY'S MASTER CHURCH PLAN

(*Continued from page 53*)

It is on that basis that the new reorganisation scheme has been built up. The City of London (Guild Churches) Bill has been framed to give it effect. Such a Bill is necessary, because Parliamentary sanction has to be gained for an entirely new experiment that we wish to make.

At the present moment all the churches are parish churches; that is to say, they each minister to the people within a carefully defined area. As we have seen, the actual resident population in these areas is so diminished that it could easily be ministered to quite satisfactorily by a far smaller number of churches. The present arrangement is too rigid to give any real scope for experiment.

What we have tried to do in the new scheme is both to use the old, well-tried parochial system and at the same time to open the way for a new principle which would make the congregation rather than the parochial area the unit in ecclesiastical organisation. We should extend the parochial boundaries of some parishes so as to enable a smaller number of churches (twenty-four) to take over the parochial responsibilities for the whole City. Sixteen of the churches which would then be left without any local area of administration we should call Guild Churches. In charge of them we should put vicars who would have initially a five-year tenure.

It is in this second class of churches that we shall hope to try out our experiment. We wish by means of this new organisation to provide posts in which men of peculiar gifts can find opportunity of exercising a specialised ministry. It has been one of the weaknesses of the organisation of the Church of England, and, indeed, I suppose of all churches, that there are so few opportunities for the ministry of the specialist. We do everything for the general practitioner, but we do not provide an office or a platform for the highly-trained consultant. It is hoped that these Guild Churches will furnish an opportunity for those who have some particular skill or qualification. They

(*Concluded on page 57*)

The New Panorama of the City Churches

A SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE DISTRIBUTION OF RESPONSIBILITIES UNDER THE MASTER PLAN

The special SPHERE drawing reproduced *on the left* shows the distribution of the twenty-four parish churches which will emerge from the forty-six now in existence, and of the fifteen Guild Churches. The key shows the method of differentiation. The reorganisation will make better use of the Church's man-power, money, buildings and, over and above all that, of the great spiritual opportunities in the City.

The twenty-four parish churches will be as follows: **All-Hallows-by-the-Tower, St. Dunstan-in-the-East, St. Andrew Undershaft, St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe, St. Bartholomew - the - Less, St. Bartholomew-the-Great, St. Botolph, Aldgate, St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, St. Bride, Fleet Street, St. Clement, Eastcheap, St. Magnus-the-Martyr, St. Edmund-the-King, St. Giles, Cripplegate, St. Helen, Bishopsgate, St. James Garlickhythe, St. Margaret Lothbury, St. Mary-at-Hill, St. Mary-le-Bow, St. Michael, Cornhill, St. Peter, Cornhill, St. Olave, Hart Street, St. Sepulchre, Holborn, St. Stephen, Walbrook, St. Vedast, Foster Lane.**

All the above-named churches will be rebuilt or restored as may be necessary. Some of these parishes will be increased in size, notably St. Bride's, the "cathedral of Fleet Street," which will embrace all the area between Temple Bar and Ludgate Circus.

It is proposed that the church of St. Lawrence Jewry shall become the official church of the City Corporation. It will be rebuilt as soon as possible and will form an integral part of the Guildhall precincts.

Fifteen more churches will be restored as Guild Churches as follows: **St. Mary Woolnoth, St. Mary Aldermary, All-Hallows, London Wall, St. Margaret Pattens, St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, St. Martin, Ludgate, St. Katherine Cree, St. Michael Paternoster Royal, St. Andrew, Holborn, St. Botolph, Aldersgate, St. Dunstan-in-the-West, St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate, St. Mary Aldermanbury, St. Mary Abchurch, St. Benet, Paul's Wharf.**

The name "Guild Churches" has been chosen because these churches are intended primarily for the City workers, both employers and employees, many of whom are the successors of the ancient Craft Guilds which comprised Masters, Journeymen and Apprentices

The creation and constitution of these Guild Churches is without precedent in the Church of England. They will have no parochial responsibilities but will exist to serve the daytime population. They will have a status comparable to that of a parish church. But their vicars who will have charge of them will be completely independent of parochial jurisdiction, and will have a "cure of souls" which for the first time in history will not be based upon territorial jurisdiction. Baptisms and marriages may be solemnised in the Guild Churches, but they may or may not have Sunday services.

Another proposal to strengthen the links with the civic life of the City is the provision that any church in the City, whether a parish church or a Guild Church, may also become the Ward Church of the Ward in which it is situated. Such churches as are designated as Ward Churches will fulfil, in relation to the Ward concerned, a function similar to that which St. Lawrence Jewry, as the official church of the Corporation, will fulfil to civic life generally.

THE SHELL OF THE FAMOUS WREN CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY, WHICH IS TO BE REBUILT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE TO FORM AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE GUILDHALL PRECINCTS AS ENVISAGED IN THE NEW TOWN-PLANNING PROPOSALS FOR THE CITY: The freehold of the church and churchyard will be vested in the Corporation, but will remain subject to ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Thanks to the consent of the present patrons, the Corporation will become the appointing body of the Vicar, who will hold office for a fixed period of time. It has for long been the custom for the Lord Mayor and Corporation to attend service at St. Lawrence Jewry on Michaelmas Day, previous to the election of the Lord Mayor for the following year. It is altogether fitting, therefore, that it should now become the official church of the City Corporation. The church was built by Wren in 1671-80 on the site of the former church, which was destroyed in the Fire. It is said to have cost more than any other of Wren's City churches. St. Thomas More delivered a series of lectures at the church at the beginning of his career. Seth Ward, one of the original members of the Royal Society, and author of *The Lives of the Gresham Professors*, was Rector at St. Lawrence's from 1660 until he became Bishop of Exeter in 1662. His successor was John Wilkins, afterwards Bishop of Chester, and Pepys mentions going there to hear him preach. John Tillotson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was lecturer at St. Lawrence Jewry for a period of thirty years, and there he made his national reputation.

TO BE THE OFFICIAL CHURCH OF THE CITY CORPORATION

The Church of St. Lawrence Jewry, which is to be Rebuilt on Part of the Guildhall Precincts

SPECIALLY DRAWN BY W. P. ROBINS, A.R.W.S., R.E.

***On right*—THE TOMB OF RAHERE WITHIN THE PRECINCTS OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW-THE-GREAT—A "SPHERE" DRAWING BY W. P. ROBINS: St. Bartholomew-the-Great, West Smithfield, designated as a parish church under the London Diocesan Reorganisation Scheme, was built in 1123 by Rahere, after an illness during a pilgrimage to Rome.** Rahere was the founder of the Augustinian Priory of which the present church was a part. St. Bartholomew's is the spiritual home of several City Companies and organisations, but the parish has since the war consisted of only about seventy residents. It will now have a much greater significance in the life of the City. The present church is only the choir of the original church, with one bay of the nave and fragments of the transepts. It was in this choir in 1247 that Archbishop Boniface made his assault on the Sub-Prior, and started such a row between the people and the church attendants that Boniface had to fly to Lambeth to save his life. The Lady Chapel was used as a dwelling-house in the seventeenth century. At one time it was Palmer's printing office, where Benjamin Franklin worked in 1725 setting type for the third edition of Wollaston's *Religion of Nature*. Still later it was occupied by a lace factory. William Hogarth, the great artist, was baptised at St. Bartholomew's in 1699. Some repairs have lately been carried out at St. Bartholomew's.

LUNCHTIME SERVICES IN THE CITY

How City Workers of London Respond to the Appeal of the Churches Within Their Midst

SPECIAL "SPHERE" PICTURES

AT A CHRISTMAS CAROL LUNCHTIME SERVICE AT ST. KATHERINE CREE: There was a reasonably full congregation on this occasion, despite the imminence of Christmas and the demands of Christmas shopping, and this famous City church manages with notable success to keep up the tradition of the Middle Ages when Morality Plays were acted in the churchyard. St. Katherine Cree is to be one of the new Guild Churches of the City, and as such it will continue its task of ministering to the religious needs of the City.

***On right*—A MAINLY YOUTHFUL CONGREGATION WITHIN THE PRECINCTS OF ST. KATHERINE CREE: The church in the City of London is making its appeal to youth, and doing it without sensationalism. Not all lunchtime services are as well-attended, but congregations are growing.**

PREACHING AT A LUNCHTIME SERVICE AT ST. BOTOLPH'S, BISHOPSGATE, ONE OF THE NEW PARISH CHURCHES OF THE CITY UNDER THE REORGANISATION SCHEME: St. Botolph's, which escaped the Great Fire of 1666, but was in such ruinous condition that the present church replaced it in 1725-28, has many famous associations. Archibald Campbell, Marquis and eighth Earl of Argyll, the great Marquis of the Scottish Covenant, was married at St. Botolph's during 1609 to Ann Cornwallis.

END OF THE SERVICE: The choir leaving St. Botolph's while the lunchtime congregation sing the final hymn.

WORDS FROM THE PULPIT: Members of the lunchtime congregation listening to the sermon at St. Botolph's. This is the moment in any service when the opportunity comes to make vital human contact, and the men running the City parishes and the City Guild Churches will be specially selected for their ability to gain the sympathy of their congregations. Upon this will stand or fall the great reorganisation experiment of the Diocese of London.

LONDON CITY'S MASTER CHURCH PLAN

(*Concluded from page 55*)

will be able to develop it by actual practice in a church which they can use specifically for that purpose. In that way their gift may be made available for a wide circle of people in the City itself, and may even become the centre for the extension of such skills throughout the Church.

I hope it will be agreed that the scheme is an imaginative one. It will give an opportunity which has been too long needed for new experiments to be made. We shall not, of course, expect them all to succeed, but, at any rate, the scheme is sufficiently flexible to enable us to close down any experiment that does not succeed and try a new one in its place. The City may thus become a great laboratory in which new methods of ministry, new spiritual expedients and new pastoral techniques may be tried out for the benefit of the Church as a whole.

If the question is asked what sort of experiments we have in mind, I think the answer would be that we should look for men with ideas. We should hope that a man who really has some fresh contribution to make would here get his chance. In all probability his proposal would be something of which we have not yet heard. But a few fairly obvious suggestions are religious drama, Christian films, visual aids in religious education, apologetics, religious art and literature. In connection with the last, would it not be a great gain if we had one church where some of the remarkably fine Christian poets and novelists of to-day could find a platform for luncheon-hour talks? Well-qualified critics might even find here an opportunity to introduce their works to that wide public on the fringes of religion for whom an appreciation of fine literature might prove a step to full Christian faith.

Another advantage of this scheme, if it goes through, will be that it will enable us to draw still closer the bonds that already unite the Church to the City. The very choice of the name "Guild Churches" reveals that we should hope to strengthen still further the connection between certain churches and the livery companies, which are themselves the successors of the old trade guilds.

The municipal side of City life would also benefit from this connection. We should have the right to designate certain churches, whether parochial or guild, as "ward" churches, so that each ward would have its own recognised place of worship.

Perhaps the most important of all under this head is the fact that the Corporation of the City of London would become patrons of St. Lawrence Jewry and have the privilege of appointing their own vicar, and even of changing him after five years if they thought a change desirable. I ought here to mention with gratitude the cordial co-operation we have received from patrons who have allowed such adjustments to be envisaged. In this particular instance we have especially to thank Balliol College, Oxford, who have been willing to surrender a share in the highly-prized patronage of St. Lawrence Jewry, in spite of their long association with that church.

Some doubt has been expressed whether we shall find people willing to use these churches on week-days. We can only say that the experience we have gained hitherto strongly encourages that hope. The idea that Sunday is the only day on which people go to church has been rapidly disappearing, particularly in the City of London. The very fact that City workers cannot easily frequent these churches on Sunday has perhaps made them all the more anxious to keep up their connection with them by attending occasionally on week-days. Some of the parish churches have specialised in giving such people an opportunity of attending Holy Communion during the week. Others have specialised in luncheon-hour services. There have been instances where a church has had to double its luncheon-hour service, entertaining one congregation for the first half-hour and another for the second. Still others arrange services in the early evening. It is a little surprising how many men and women will remain in the City for an hour after their day's work is done in order to take part in some religious function.

Of course, if the scheme is successful it is not only City workers who will provide the congregation on week-days. The City may easily become the Mecca for people from all over the country who will want to gain experience in new methods or to take advantage of the special ministrations of some well-known minister. Here their needs can be met by priests who are freed from the ordinary routine of parochial life, with its heavy demands on their time and energies, and can give themselves wholly to the particular skill in which they have become experts.

Above all, it will be a great gain that certain churches will be free to devote themselves primarily to the needs of the great multitude of workers who may not wish to divide their loyalty between a City parish and the parish in which they live. Such churches will inevitably base their activities upon the congregation rather than upon the population of a defined area. No one would wish to undermine the age-long parochial organisation of the Church of England. This scheme would at least offer a means of supplementing it.

A BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC

The American Freighter *Flying Enterprise* Wallows Helplessly On Her Side South-West of Ireland

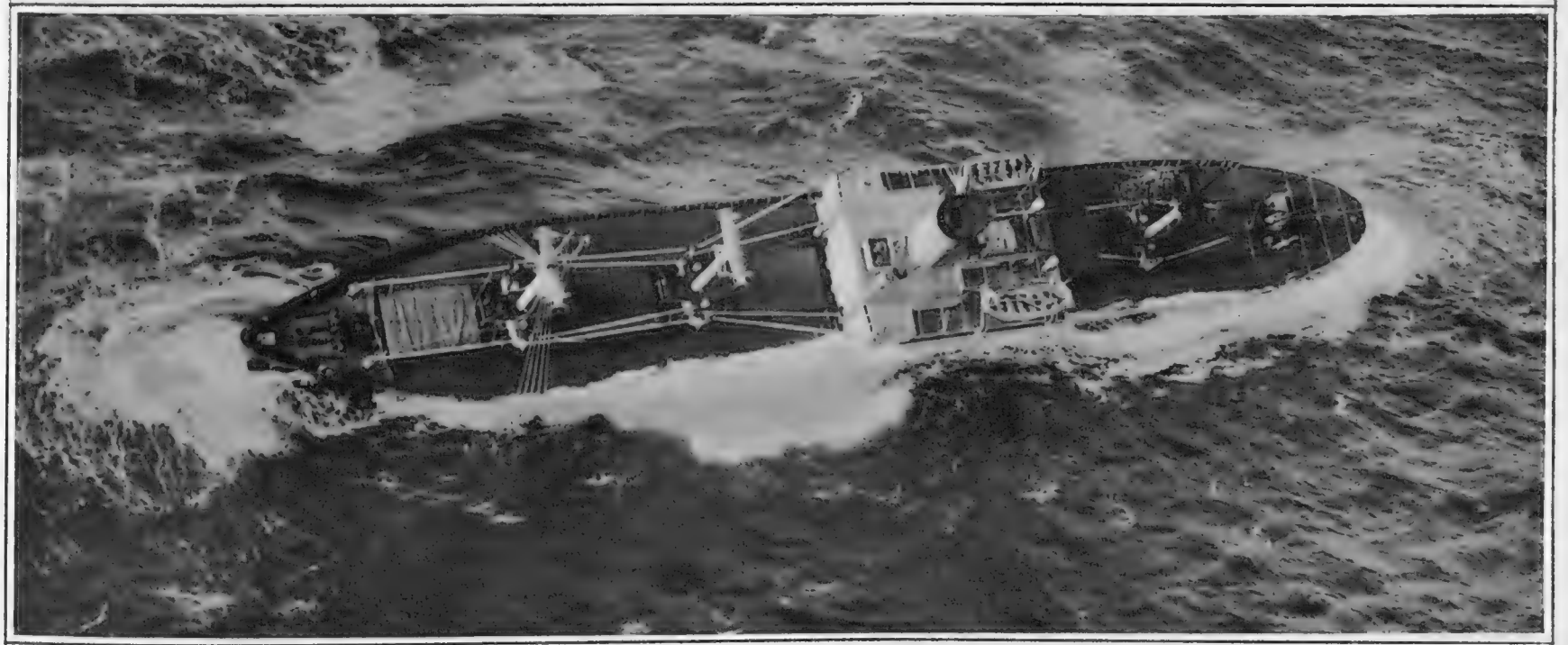
A SHIP GIVES UP HER STRUGGLE WITH THE ATLANTIC: Lying helplessly on her side, 250 miles off the Irish coast, the American freighter *Flying Enterprise* wallows in heavy seas with a list of 60 degrees. On the left is the British vessel *Sherbourne*, which took part in the rescue of the passengers and crew. Captain Henrik Kurt Carlsen, master of the *Flying Enterprise*, had refused to leave his ship.

A LIFEBOAT LIES ALONGSIDE THE RESCUE SHIP "SOUTHLAND" AFTER PICKING UP CREW AND PASSENGERS FROM THE HELPLESS "FLYING ENTERPRISE": The *Southland* reached Rotterdam on the first day of the New Year with fifteen survivors from the *Flying Enterprise*. This picture was taken from the S.S. *Sherbourne*.

A DRAMATIC PICTURE OF THE "FLYING ENTERPRISE" TAKEN FROM THE S.S. "SOUTHLAND": The ship's bottom is partly clear of the water and the decks are at an angle which would prohibit standing. Somewhere amidships Captain Carlsen was keeping his lonely and dangerous vigil.

A VIEW FROM THE NORWEGIAN TANKER, "H. WESTFAL LARSEN," OF THE DECKS OF THE HEAVILY-LISTING "FLYING ENTERPRISE": Miraculously, the stricken vessel's derricks are still secure and the hatches seem to be quite undamaged. On the starboard after-deck, piles of sand-bags appear to have been placed in an early attempt to rectify the ship's list. The ship's lifeboats on the centre-castle evidently could not be launched with the ship at that angle. Passengers and crew were, in fact, ordered to jump into the icy sea, and all were picked up by the several ships that responded to an S O S from the *Flying Enterprise*.

The year 1951 ended on the Western ocean with the most violent storms for fifty years. In the Bay of Biscay the Norwegian tanker *Oesthaun* broke in half and the crew, some on the fore- and some on the after-part, were rescued separately after a nightmare of raging winds and seas. The Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company's tanker *Mactra* was towed in from the Atlantic by the deep-sea tug *Turmoil* after drifting with damaged steering-gear. But perhaps the most remarkable and spectacular of these maritime disasters concerned the American freighter *Flying Enterprise*, of 6,711 tons. In an Atlantic storm of almost incredible severity, the ship developed so heavy a list to port that it became almost impossible to keep her fires going. Members of the crew had to help the ten passengers out of their rooms to the higher part of the ship and when, some 300 miles south-west of Ireland, the ship was listing to 30 degrees, passengers and crew were ordered to jump in pairs into the sea. All were picked up by one or other of the several rescue ships standing by. When the pictures on this page were taken. Captain Kurt Carlsen, the ship's master, was alone on board, refusing to leave "until," he said, "I get a tow or sink." The *Flying Enterprise* now had a list of 60 degrees and was virtually lying on her side. Shifting cargo, caused by heavy rolling in high seas, is a common cause of a ship taking on a list. In the old days, a cargo of grain was much feared by sailors because its almost liquid quality made the likelihood of it shifting a grave danger. Nowadays the holds of grain ships are partitioned with planking so that movement of the cargo will be limited.



The "Flying Enterprise" in the Grip of the Wintry Seas

With her No. 3 hold full of water and her plates cracked across the deck, but with her redoubtable skipper, Captain Kurt Carlsen, still on board, the American freighter, *Flying Enterprise*, is seen in these three pictures during the later stages of her ordeal. By this time the original list of 60 degrees had become one of 65 degrees, and she was rolling over to 80 degrees, which meant that her cabin walls were almost horizontal. On the port side the decks were awash. Standing by the *Flying Enterprise* was the U.S. destroyer, *John W. Weeks*.

POWER ON THE TUMMEL

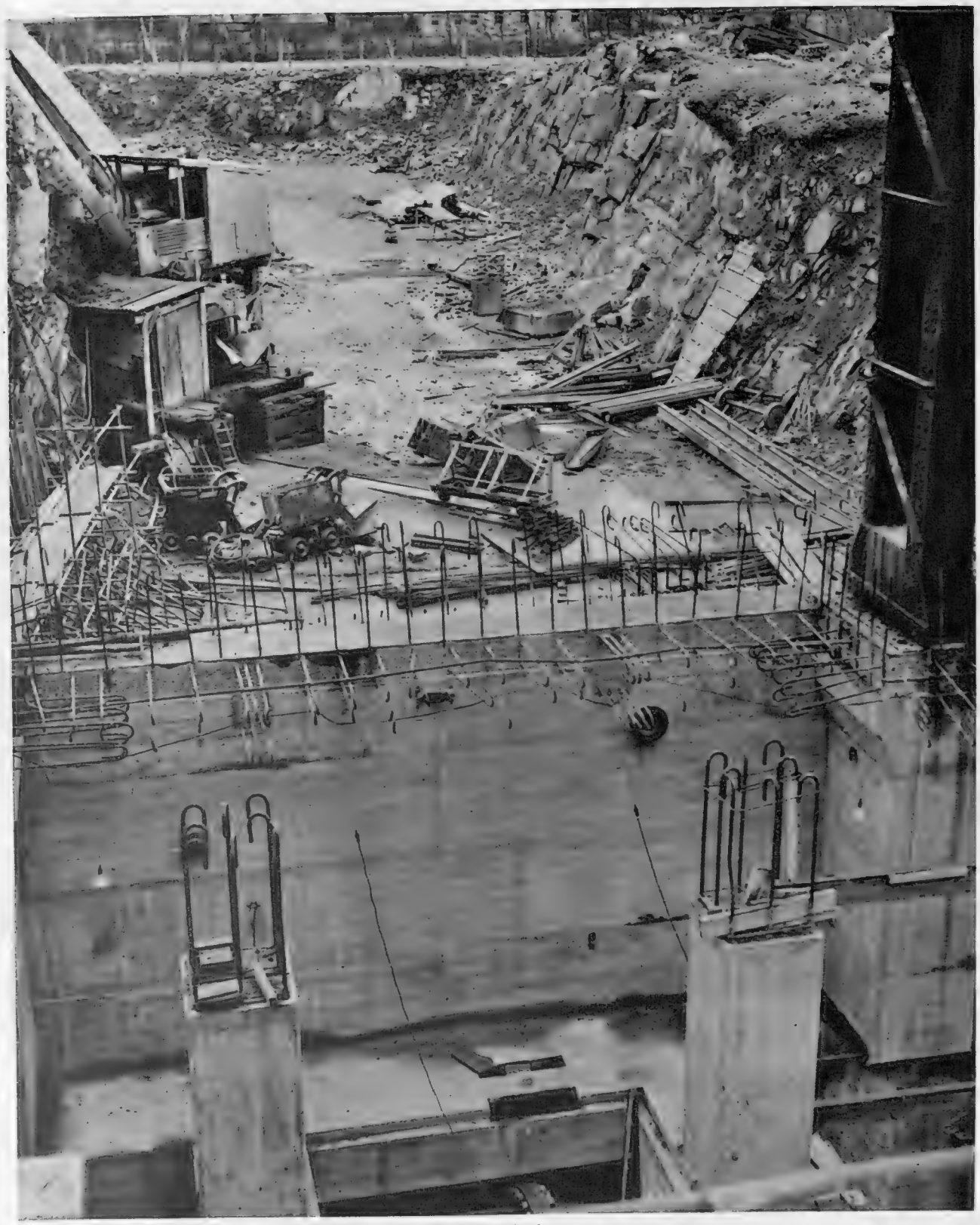
THE GREAT SCOTTISH HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME REACHES YET ANOTHER STAGE IN ITS DEVELOPMENT

Across the turbulent, rock-ribbed River Tummel, in the foothills of the Grampians, in the area just to the south of Blair Atholl and the Pass of Killicrankie, the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board is now pushing to a conclusion one of its most spectacular schemes, the harnessing of the waters of Tummel and Garry to provide more power in the glens.

Earlier phases in the development of Tummel-Garry involved the building of the great dams at Clunie and Pitlochry, and many will remember the local and national resentment at first aroused by these schemes, particularly the outcry at Pitlochry when it became known that the town's public park would be drowned beneath the new lake brought into being behind the dam. Pitlochry has, however, been given a new public park; the loch which has been formed beside the town is a first-class tourist attraction, and the new roads which have been made for public use are no less attractive, opening up as they do new and pleasing prospects for the tourist in the Highlands.

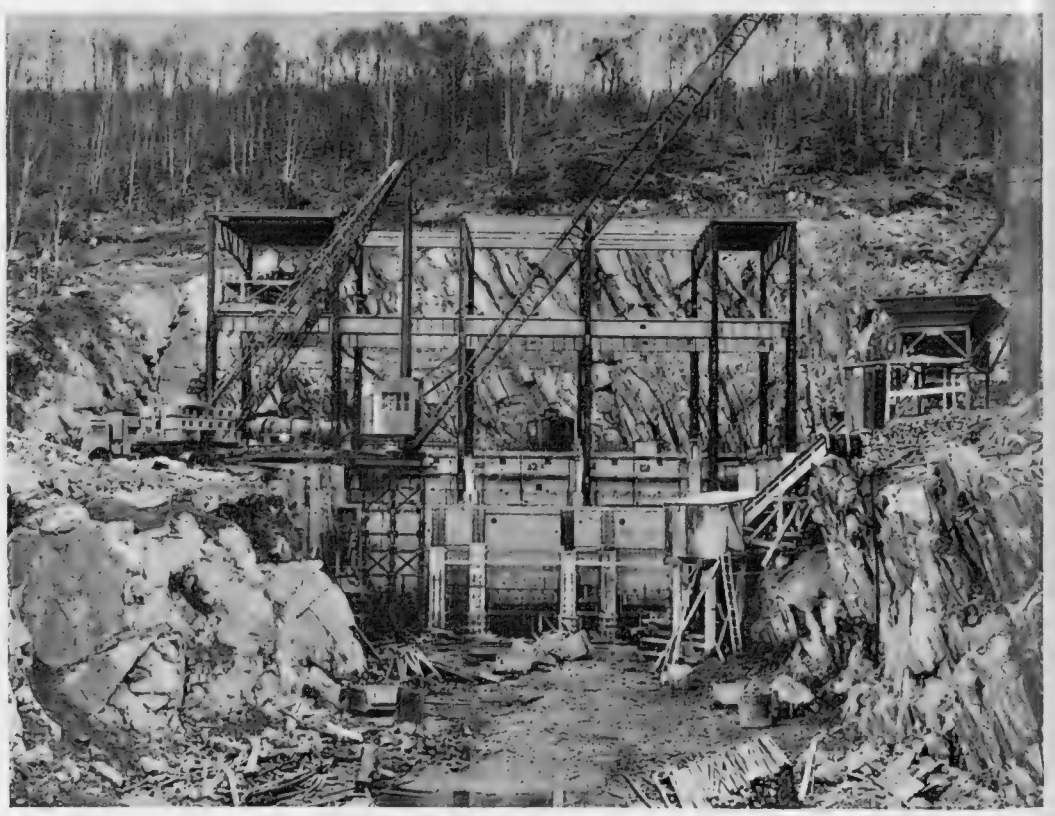
The latest phase in this development is being carried out twenty miles to the north and west of Pitlochry, and concerns the collection, harnessing and redistribution of the head-waters of the Garry, twelve miles of diversion tunnels being planned to bring together water from seven mountain streams. So far, only three-quarters of a mile of diversion tunnel has been completed, but good progress can be expected this year.

Meanwhile excavation work is complete on the Errochty dam which will impound the Garry tributaries, and all is ready for the start of concreting in the spring. Behind the dam will be produced a reservoir about 2½ miles long and half a mile wide. From this reservoir the water will flow through the new pressure tunnel, a distance of six miles through the hills to Tummel Bridge where, as depicted on this page, a new power station is under construction, one of the forty-five power stations built, building or surveyed, in the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's 1,000,000-kilowatt programme. Here, in a setting of lofty hills and tall, upright trees, in the solitudes of the Tummel Valley on the traditional Road to the Isles, the sound of drills, pickaxes and shovels echoes throughout the hours of daylight. Even during Christmas there was no halt in activity, about 350 men carrying on the work in the six-mile pressure tunnel which it is hoped to have ready for concrete lining by March. This tunnel, with its spectacular trifurcation, is indeed the most remarkable feature of the Errochty part of the Tummel-Garry scheme. The tunnel is not so wide as that which has been driven through Cammoch Hill, in the Clunie section, but it is much longer. The extraordinary degree of accuracy in the tunnelling work, with "blind" sections linking up exactly as the engineers planned, is a constant



LOOKING ACROSS THE CONCRETE FOUNDATIONS OF THE NEW ERROCHTY POWER STATION WHICH IS BEING BUILT AT TUMMEL BRIDGE, PERTHSHIRE, TO TAKE THE WATERS BROUGHT SIX MILES BY TUNNEL FROM GLEN ERROCHTY: The Errochty power scheme forms part of the even greater Tummel-Garry scheme, one of the projects of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board which are calculated in less than a generation to transform the face of the Highlands, bringing industries to areas that have long been languishing: where the crofter has found but a scant livelihood and real distress still exists. Work on the Errochty scheme has been going full speed ahead, and throughout Christmas 350 tunnellers remained at work drilling and rock-blasting 1,000 ft. below ground in the pressure tunnel.

A TRAINLOAD OF CEMENT STARTS ITS JOURNEY DOWN THE ERROCHTY TUNNEL: The tunnel, six miles long and 15 ft. wide, connects the Errochty power station at Tummel Bridge with the as yet unfilled Errochty Reservoir. The tunnel is now about seven-eighths completed, being worked not only from both ends but from headings in the centre.



SHOWING HOW THE ERROCHTY POWER STATION IS BEING BUILT INTO THE PERTHSHIRE LANDSCAPE: The steelwork is seen rising above the concrete foundations. A feature of the power station is that in pursuance of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's policy of reviving the mason's craft, the front and sides will be faced with stone. The stone used, a mixture of schist and quartzite, will be that removed during the tunnelling operations. There will be no exposed pipes leading into the Errochty power station.

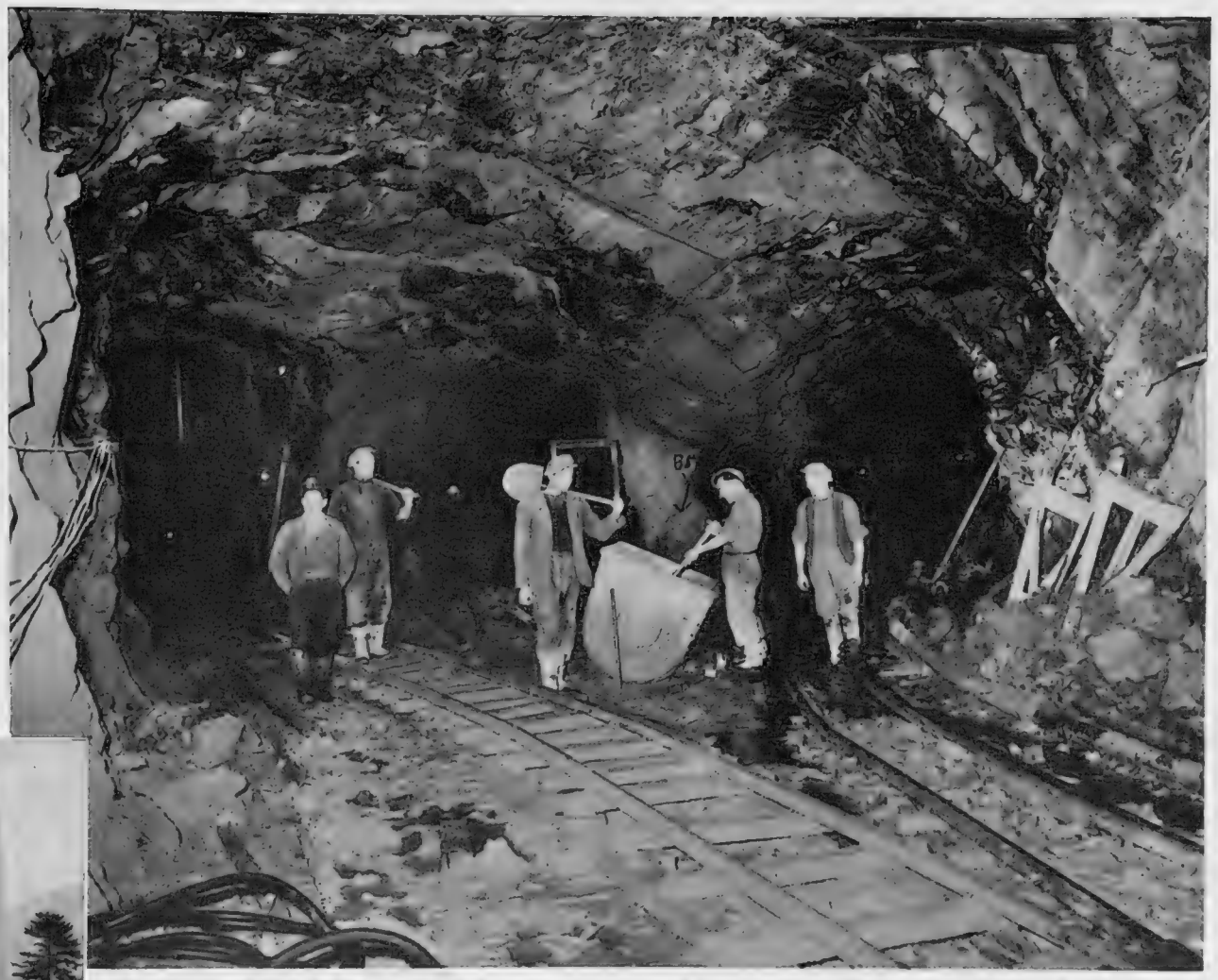
source of wonder to the layman. In hydro-electric work accuracy within 3 ins. in tunnel linkage is required, whereas on the London Underground it is necessary to be accurate within one inch. However, in the Errochty tunnel the drilling teams have never been more than an inch out, and their work on this "Cretan labyrinth" is now seven-eighths complete.

When the Tummel-Garry schemes are finished the water below Pitlochry will have been used six times in producing electricity, making a substantial contribution to Scotland's power supplies.

Since the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board took over the whole of the area north and west of the Tay, 70,000 consumers, representing 250,000 people, have been given electricity. The Board's main purpose is to bring the benefits of electricity to the farms, the crofts and the cottages, to everyone, in fact, whose livelihood is dependent upon the land. When the Board took over, one farm in fourteen in this area had electricity, compared with one in three in the rest of Britain. The ratio has now been reduced to one in ten or twelve, and there is still a long way to go.

Below—

A REMINDER OF THE PERILS OF TUNNEL-MAKING: This memorial archway, in the form of a tunnel cross-section, has been erected to the five men killed during the construction of the Clunie Tunnel, a boring made through the rocky outcrop of Cammoch Hill, and one which presented some vast engineering problems for the drilling teams engaged in the two-year task of piercing it from end to end, a distance of nearly two miles.



LIKE A CRETAN LABYRINTH, THE TRIFURCATION IN THE ERROCHTY TUNNEL, LYING 1,000 FT. BACK IN THE HILLSIDE FROM THE ERROCHTY POWER STATION: For each of the station's three 25,000-kilowatt turbo-alternators there is a 7-ft.-6-in. tunnel and these join together at this point, and will in due course carry the water collected in Glen Errochty. The accuracy achieved in the tunnelling work has been one of the features of the scheme, the various sections linking up with never an inaccuracy of more than one inch. It is all done by theodolite and level and constant checking of readings.

THE CLUNIE POWER STATION WHICH FITS SO UNOBTRUSIVELY INTO THE PERTHSHIRE LANDSCAPE: The station, which was opened by the Queen last summer, forms one of the earlier sections of the Tummel-Garry project, of which the Errochty power station is the latest instalment. At Clunie, as at Errochty, a tunnel bored through the hills brings the water to the turbines. The water which drives the turbines at Clunie is also used on other sections of the Tummel both above and below Clunie.

THE ANCIENT ROYAL BURGH OF INVERARAY, FRONTING THE SHORES OF LOCH FYNE, NOW IN THE NEWS IN VIEW OF THE DECISION OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE LATE DUKE OF ARGYLL TO SELL PART OF THE TOWN: Inveraray, which lies in a small bay just where the Aray enters the loch, has long been famed for its connection with the Campbells, and, of course, the coming sales do not sever that connection. During the war Inveraray was thronged with troops, as it was the chief centre of training for the combined operations initiated by Lord Keyes and later continued by Lord Mountbatten. It could be said, indeed, that Inveraray was one vast camp.

THE RAMPARTS OF INVERARAY CASTLE: The historic home of the Dukes of Argyll which was completed in 1753 by Robert Adam and Robert Milne. It stands on the north shore of Loch Fyne, just behind the Royal Burgh of Inveraray. The present Duke is taking an active part in restoring the castle. *On right*—The famed hill of Duniquoich, with its solitary watch-tower, dominates the town.

THE LITTLE MAIN STREET OF INVERARAY LEADING DOWN TO THE SHORES OF LOCH FYNE: During the days of the war many thousands of troops were billeted in and around the Royal burgh, and when opportunity offered, and they were free from the exertions involved in combined operations around the loch, they came in to quench their thirst at the two public houses and buy pies at the bakery. The Commandos used the heights of Duniquoich for training.

The Old Order Changes and

INVERARAY IS FOR SALE

An Historic Royal Burgh and its Connection with the Ducal House

A centuries-old association between the ancient ducal house of Argyll and one of Scotland's most historic county towns will be severed through the recent decision of the trustees of the late Duke of Argyll to sell part of the Royal burgh of Inveraray, on Loch Fyneside. Until now the senior representatives of Clan Campbell have been the hereditary overlords of this feudal West Highland town, with its picturesque white-walled houses and a population of about 1,000 inhabitants. Lately, shopkeepers in the burgh received a letter from the present Duke's factor, on behalf of the trustees, offering them the opportunity of buying the premises they at present occupy. Sales will be negotiated with the Duke's Chamberlain. Since the death of the late Duke of Argyll in 1949 several other portions of the vast family domains, including farmlands in Kintyre and the island of Tiree, have been put up for sale to meet death duties.

Meanwhile, Ian Douglas, eleventh and present Duke of Argyll, is taking a very active part in the restoration of his family seat, the Castle of Inveraray, where dry-rot has caused extensive damage to most of the principal rooms, including the imposing great saloon in which hangs the nucleus of the magnificent collection of family portraits. The castle, a massive building of grey stone flanked by tall corner towers, is one of the most uniquely-situated private residences in Scotland. It dates from 1746 and was completed by Robert Adam some years later. Of the earlier fortress of the Campbell chiefs, with its "embattled walls, towers and outer and inner courts," no trace remains.

Since time immemorial Inveraray has been the ancestral seat of the chiefs of Clan Campbell, whose hereditary title, MacCailein Mor, is derived from Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow, who was killed in conflict with the Lord of Lorne about 1296. The early Campbells attained their status as a powerful Highland family by marriage with the heiress of the Celtic house of O'Duin.

The annals of Inveraray are steeped in the lore of a dramatic past in which the successive heads of this forcible and politically astute family played a conspicuous part, each in their own particular way contributing to the history of their time. And while they enriched and added to their estates, which virtually amounted to a kingdom, they also caused continuous improvements to be carried out for the welfare and embellishment of their native town. Duke Archibald, for instance, who is reputed to have spent £300,000 on the building of his "new house," introduced the manufacture of linen to Inveraray. As Lord Justice-General of Scotland he presided over the notorious trial of the innocent James Stewart of Glen Duror in Appin, staged 200 years ago in the old court-house overlooking the waters of Loch Fyne, which is to-day the Argyll estate office. The circumstances and machinations of this mysterious tale—the shooting of Campbell of Glenure, the "Red Fox"—has been made famous far beyond the Scottish Highlands through the pen of Robert Louis Stevenson.

TRIM AND SUBSTANTIAL RISE THE WHITEWASHED HOUSES OF INVERARAY, MANY OF WHICH ARE BEING OFFERED FOR SALE TO THE TENANTS BY THE DUCAL TRUSTEES : *Above* and *below*—The two views of the main street leading down to the shores of Loch Fyne. Except in high summer, when there is considerable tourist traffic, particularly at week-ends, Inveraray more often than not wears a deserted air.

THE CLASSICAL ELEGANCE OF THE LATE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHURCH CONTRASTED WITH THE STRAIT-LACED SIMPLICITY OF THE WHITEWASHED HOUSES : Inveraray was originally a small hamlet mainly composed of fishermen's cottages clustered about the walls of the old keep. The more modern Inveraray dates from 1742. One writer, Robert Buchanan, has called it "that most depressing of fish-smelling Highland towns," but most authors lavish praises upon it.

A MEMORY OF AUGUST, 1949—THE FUNERAL OF THE TENTH DUKE OF ARGYLL AT INVERARAY : Headed by the late Duke's personal piper, the funeral procession is seen passing along the quay before the coffin was embarked on a motor launch. Among the pallbearers were members of the Clan Campbell, and beside the coffin walked the Rothesay Herald.

To Duke Archibald is attributed much of the existing town of Inveraray, which was moved from its original situation close to the present castle shortly before the last Jacobite rising. It was to this then inconsiderable hamlet—of which only a stone cross remains marking the site of the church—that MacIan, chief of the Glencoe Macdonalds, came on his fateful journey in the winter of 1692 to sign his belated allegiance to King William. Nearly a century later, an itinerant Sassenach of distinction in the person of Dr. Samuel Johnson was entertained at the castle by the fifth Duke of Argyll and his wife, the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning. The learned lexicographer appears to have been better pleased with the ducal hospitality than the poet Burns, who, a few years later, expressed his pique at his Grace's inattention by scratching some lines of invective verse on the windowpane of the local inn. Indeed, to visit this sequestered West Highland town beneath the shadow of high Duniquoich is to walk in history.

Brodrick Haldane

Dr. Johnson at Inveraray, October, 1773

In *The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, it is recorded that Johnson and Boswell returned from Mull on October 22 and "reposed at a tolerable inn on the mainland." They crossed from Mull—after a ride "to the side of Mull, which faces Scotland"—in a boat in which they sat on a heap of rough brushwood.

The journey to Inveraray was an arduous one, since the weather was stormy and the horses they rode on "still small . . . though they performed their journey well." They had but one bridle among them. Night had come on before they reached Inveraray, and the "wind was loud, the rain was heavy, and the whistling of the blast, the fall of the shower, the rush of the cataracts, and the roar of the torrent, made a nobler chorus of the rough musick of nature, than it had ever been my chance to hear before."

"Mr. Boswell had the honour of being known to the Duke of Argyle [John, fifth Duke, who died in 1806], by whom we were very kindly entertained at his splendid seat."

After a stay there of two days Johnson and Boswell proceeded southward over Glencoe, "a bleak & dreary region" . . . "being by the favour of the Duke, well mounted."

THE BODY OF THE TENTH DUKE OF ARGYLL, WHO NUMBERED AMONG HIS MANY TITLES THAT OF ADMIRAL OF THE WESTERN ISLES, IS TAKEN BY MOTOR LAUNCH ON ITS LONG JOURNEY TO THE FAMILY BURIAL-GROUND AT KILMUN : Watched by the tenantry of Inveraray and members of the Clan Campbell, the coffin started its journey down Loch Fyne through the Kyles of Bute and up the Holy Loch. The Duke, who died at Inveraray Castle in August 1949 at the age of seventy-seven, took the deepest interest in the management of his great estate. He was a strong personality who defended his beliefs with passionate intensity. He abominated motor-cars and never possessed one, and it is said that he disliked the invention of the telephone almost as much. His successor, the eleventh Duke, is a grandson of Lord Walter Campbell, third son of the eighth Duke.

SAFE FROM THE STORM WITHOUT: The fishing fleet lies snugly in harbour as huge seas pound the breakwater at Helmsdale, in Sutherlandshire, on the north-east coast of Scotland. In the middle distance on the right are the ruins of the old castle which is threatened by the sea. There is very considerable coast erosion in this area.

Winter Days Round the COASTS OF BRITAIN

A Fishing Fleet Shelters from the Gale in Helmsdale Harbour; the New National Park Area in West Wales

Below—

AMID THE SOLITUDES OF THE PEMBROKESHIRE COAST: This view from Freshwater Bay looks along the shore towards East Moor Cliff in the proposed Pembrokeshire Coast National Park area which has just been designated. The park comprises about 225 square miles, all in the county of Pembrokeshire. Other National Park areas in Britain are in Snowdonia and on Dartmoor.

JANUARY DAYS IN THE HUNTING FIELD

And the Season of the Hunt Balls

THE HUNT MOVES OFF THROUGH THE SNOW-COVERED PARK AFTER A MEET OF THE BRAMHAM MOOR AT THE OLD SWAN: Quite a large number of foot followers turned out for this first meet of the New Year. The Bramham Moor covers a sporting country in the West Riding. The sixth Earl of Harewood was at one time Master, and the Princess Royal has often hunted with the pack.

AT A MEET OF THE SINNINGTON: The Earl of Feversham talking with a foot follower in the market-place at Kirbymoorside, Yorkshire. This meet was on New Year's Day and it was marked by an unusually large attendance of foot followers.

THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE AT THAME: The hounds, closely thronged by the crowd, look up towards the huntsman and whipper-in as if expecting at any moment the order to move off to draw.

AMONG THE YOUNG ENTRY: Sally Farmiloe, aged three, at the children's meet of the South Berks at Hampstead Norris, Newbury. Sally hails from a farm at Sulhamstead, near Reading.

AT THE HUNT BALL OF THE FOURBURROW AT THE REGENT THEATRE BALLROOM, TRURO: From left to right in the back row are Mr. Magin Hancock, Mr. H. B. Trewhella, Mayor of Truro, Mr. G. P. Williams, the Master of the Hunt, Dr. J. H. Hoad, and Mr. T. Mutton, a member of the Hunt Committee. In the foreground are, left to right, Mrs. T. Mutton, Mrs. G. P. Williams, Mrs. W. Tinney, Miss Roselle Trewhella and Miss Phyllis Trewhella.

COMPETING IN THE HORN-BLOWING CONTEST AT THE PONY HUNT CLUB BALL HELD IN CHICHESTER: Miss Sally Phipps Hornby, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Phipps Hornby, of Lordington Manor, trying her skill with the hunting horn. From left to right in the foreground are Brigadier Prior-Palmer, M.P. for Worthing, Mr. T. Hayward, Major J. Robinson, and Mrs. Phipps Hornby, who was the Ball organiser.

WELCOMING 1952

IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS AND TIMES SQUARE

And Other Aspects of the Turn of the Year

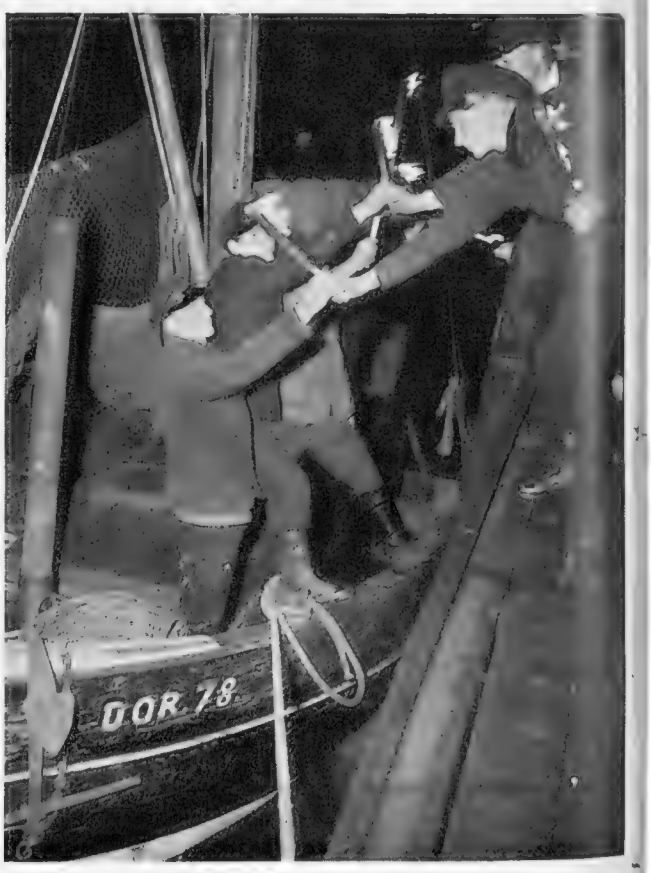
THERE WERE FEWER PEOPLE THAN IN FORMER YEARS TO GREET THE NEW YEAR IN LONDON'S WEST END, BUT EVEN SO, THE GREAT THRONG IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS COMPLETELY ENGULFED THE TRAFFIC : In Trafalgar Square the crowds were noticeably smaller than last year. Community singing and square dancing took place around the fountains and at midnight hundreds of coloured balloons were released. About 2,000 people missed the last buses and trains home, carried away, no doubt, by the impromptu dancing.

"CHRISTIANS FOR PEACE"—AN INTERDENOMINATIONAL CAROL SERVICE IS HELD ON THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL ON NEW YEAR'S EVE : A nonconformist minister is seen reading a lesson in front of the decorated Christmas tree during the course of the service. The carol service was held in the early evening long before the time of the traditional watch-night service and was attended by City workers on their way home from business. During this last Christmas-tide Londoners have had the opportunity of attending many carol services, both in churches and other buildings and out in the open air. This year for the first time the Royal Choral Society gave three performances of their carols at the Albert Hall.

NEW YEAR'S DAY PAGEANTRY : The Mace-bearer precedes Sir Leslie and Lady Boyce, London's Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, as they walk in procession to St. James Garlickhithe Church, Lower Thames Street, to attend the annual civic New Year's service. St. James's is to be one of the twenty-four new parish churches of the City of London under the diocesan reorganisation scheme which forms a feature of this issue of "The Sphere." The church of the City Corporation is to be St. Lawrence Jewry.

ONE OF THE BIG MOMENTS AT THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL, WHICH THIS YEAR WAS, IN FACT, A CELEBRATION OF THE NEW YEAR : Balloons are seen descending on the throng of dancers, while other participants in the celebrations look on from the boxes and the gallery. On the left is a giant elephant figure surmounted by a howdah, which paraded round the hall at the height of the celebrations.

On right and *on left*—**GERMAN FISHERMEN PROTEST AGAINST THE SELECTION OF GREAT KNECHTSAND AS AN R.A.F. BOMBING SITE :** These pictures show the fishermen taking part in a torch-bearing relay race to Great Knechtsand, a sandbank lying between Cuxhaven and Bremerhaven, in a demonstration of their opposition to its selection as a bombing range. The agitation resembles that organised to oppose the R.A.F.'s practice bombing of Heligoland. A bonfire, lit with a flame symbolically brought from Heligoland, is to be kept burning until the project is given up.



TIME SQUARE RECAPTURES THE FERVOUR OF THE PRE-WAR DAYS IN ITS WELCOMING OF THE NEW YEAR: This picture was taken at the stroke of midnight as Bedlam broke loose in the heart of Manhattan. Motor-horns and tin horns were blown and confetti was tossed by the crowd. When the golden globe began to drop on the mast above the Times Tower at twenty seconds before midnight, signalling the imminent passing of 1951, the noise in the area grew deafening. Hundreds of thousands of tin horns blew in a ear-splitting chorus, startling the pigeons in the Square. 1,200 police patrolmen and detectives were on duty in the Square. The police estimated that at midnight the crowd in and around Times Square approached 1,000,000, a figure far greater than any estimated in the post-war years. Two years ago the official guess was 350,000, and last year it was 750,000. The crowd grew with great swiftness after 10 p.m., and later when traffic was diverted.

On right—

A HOGMANY PROCESSION AT NEWBURGH, FIFESHIRE: Members of the Caledonian Lodge of Oddfellows, the oldest Lodge in Scotland, holding their annual torchlight procession through the streets of the town. The whole population turned out to see these weird figures carrying on an old custom which was believed to frighten away evil spirits. Hogmanay, or Hogmany, is the name given in Scotland and the North of England to the last day or month of the year. In parts of Scotland it was the custom on New Year's Eve for persons to go from door to door asking in doggerel for cakes or for money.

MORE COURTESY AND LESS DAZZLE

The World of Motoring on the Threshold of 1952

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THAT was a poor sort of Christmas box the petrol people gave us! A farthing more on a gallon of spirit may not seem much, but the price of petrol has been rising all too frequently in the past few months.

In fact, the recent increase was the second in a month, the fifth in 1951 and the ninth since June 1949. The petrol companies cannot be expected to take all the blame for the fact that petrol now costs 3s. 7¼d. a gallon in the London area, for motorists pay 1s. 10½d. duty on every gallon of petrol they buy. All the same, it is irritating to note the frequency with which the petrol combines get together to put up the cost of their product on the ground that "distribution expenses" have increased. My own recollection of the financial reports of the petroleum firms is that they make pretty good profits, and I should have thought that they themselves could have borne the "increased costs" which are given as the reason for the latest fiddling increase.

Dazzling Headlights.—It would be interesting to know the number of accidents caused by dazzling headlights. Here, surely, is a potentially fruitful field for the safety people. I'm not suggesting that the problem has been overlooked by any means, but I personally don't think that enough is being done to curb the homicidal activities of motorists who swish along the highways with enormously powerful lights or pass-lamps that are tilted upwards—by design or neglect—into the eyes of oncoming motorists.

I should be all in favour of a police blitz on the dazzle-merchants. We could do much worse than follow the example of certain places abroad where motorists are periodically warned to get their headlamps checked for faulty adjustment. Shortly afterwards the police swoop—and if there are any badly-adjusted lights, their owners are prosecuted. The fines are usually severe.

INTRODUCING THE NEW PUSHER CYCLE: Herr Haase, a former driving instructor, an aircraft pilot, locksmith and cycling enthusiast, who hails from Stuttgart, is responsible for this new invention. He claims that it is a vast improvement on an ordinary cycle, less man-power being wasted owing to the length of the levers, which operate the speed gear by a lever movement. Owing to its ease and simplicity of operation, Herr Haase has hopes that his machine will be manufactured on a commercial scale in order to help German exports.

It is difficult to understand the objections that have been raised to the action taken by police in one of the eastern counties—Norfolk, I think—regarding dazzle. They have been stopping motorists whose lights looked too bright or maladjusted and inviting them to let the police check their alignment by means of a specially-marked board which they set up at a certain distance from the car.

I have not heard of any kind of summonses being taken out as a result of this campaign. Perhaps there is no specific offence for which a summons *could* be taken out, and that the point would have to be met under the general heading of driving without due care. Anyway, I understand that the police force concerned was not out to book customers so much as to make motorists in their area a little more "dazzle-conscious." Good luck to them!

There should, of course, be a rigorously-enforced limit to the brilliance of any set of headlamps and periodic check-ups on their adjustment.

And, as far as I am concerned, they should ban completely all fog-lamps or pass-lamps—I have never known why they are so called—not fitted with yellow glass. Most of the dazzle on the roads of Britain is caused by these pass-lamps. What's the good of a driver dipping his headlights, or even switching them off altogether, if he turns on a powerful searchlight that shines straight at you and sears your eyeballs? And the horse-whip is not bad enough for the man who keeps a spotlight purposely focussed towards oncoming cars with the object of turning it on in a retaliatory gesture if he thinks the approaching lights are too bright.

There is a lot to be said for the system of yellow lamp glasses which is in force in France. I suppose one day there will be international agreement on this matter, as there is—or is supposed to be—on the subject of double-dipping. Now *there's* a point. . . . It's my duty and privilege to try out most of the new cars, and for some time past they have been coming from the factories with the new Lucas double-dipping lamps with block lenses, which have the effect of bending *both* main beams on to the road just in front of the car instead of putting out the offside lamp altogether and turning the other on to the kerb.

I am convinced that if properly adjusted—and that is a very important proviso—the double-dippers are an improvement on the old system and do most of what their makers claim for them. But the sad fact is that many of the drivers who have to rub along with the old method of dipping have either not heard of the new double-dippers, refuse to take them seriously or are definitely hostile. Because they see two headlamps alight they assume they are being dazzled and that the driver of the oncoming car has not taken the trouble to dip.

Incidentally, the Lucas company's chief lighting engineer—Dr. J. H. Nelson—came out quite strongly the other day on the subject of drivers who considerately switch off their headlights entirely, to obviate dazzle to oncoming traffic. He said these drivers can be one of the greatest dangers on the road, especially when they turn their lights off in ill-lit streets in urban areas.

"The first responsibility of the motorist is to make sure he can see—really see—the way ahead," said Dr. Nelson. "Most street lighting is designed primarily for the pedestrian, not for the motorist, who must think of his headlights in terms of illumination and as a safety factor for himself. In the majority of side roads and on a good many main roads, street lighting is just not sufficient to allow motorists to drive with safety on sidelights alone."

Dr. Nelson said he thought a positive contribution to road safety in Britain would be the introduction of a law similar to that in Australia, the United States and most of Canada, requiring motorists to use full or dipped headlights at all times when their cars are moving, whether in towns or rural areas.

That's nearly enough about lighting, yet I feel I must refer to the move that is being made by the cycling community to try to get out of the obligation of having a rear light on their bicycles. Mr. Gurney Braithwaite, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, is to receive a deputation from the National Committee on Cycling (representing the leading cycling organisations and the manufacturers) to discuss the matter.

The wartime Act of 1945 required cyclists to carry three rear warnings: a light, a reflector and a white "tail." Owing to the shortage of materials, the provisions regarding reflectors and white tails have been suspended. But the cyclists want the Ministry to let them revert to the pre-war practice of carrying, at their option, either a rear light or a reflector and white tail. If cyclists fully realised how difficult it is for motorists to see them under certain weather and traffic conditions unless they have a bright red light gleaming at the back, they would withdraw this deputation immediately.

More Courtesy Year.—I want to wish the best of luck to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents on their new safety campaign for 1952, which they are calling "More Courtesy Year." The name links up with RoSPA's campaign in 1951, which was "Road Courtesy Year." "The name is similar," says Major-General B. K. Young, Director-General of the Society, "not through any paucity of ideas, but rather because we are persistent on this question of road courtesy. More courtesy on the roads is still the primary need of the accident-prevention movement."

PARKING WITHOUT TEARS IN THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES: A Pontiac being moved by dollie on to one of the two lifts in Washington's new push-button parking garage, a sixteen-storey building.

Most of us will agree with that sentiment. Selfishness causes many more accidents than mere speed, and a courteous motorist is not a selfish one.

RoSPA is doing good work and commands widespread respect because of the trouble it takes to study the problems of all classes of road-user and to prevent antagonism between them. I think more good can be done in reducing the terrible accident rate on Britain's roads by the educational and missionary work of organisations like RoSPA than by alleged panaceas put forward by people like Mr. Edward Terrell, Recorder of Newbury, who wants, as he himself puts it, "to give the Highway Code teeth." In other words, he wants the Highway Code, which is at present only advisory and educational, to have the force of law.

It was debated on the B.B.C. recently, and I don't think Mr. Terrell did his case any good. The Standing Joint Committee of the A.A., R.A.C. and the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, who between them represent 5,000,000 motorists (if you include the wives and sweethearts of members), have come out very strongly against the Terrell Plan. "It is quite unworkable," says Mr. W. V. Gibson, secretary of the A.A. and joint secretary of the Committee. "You cannot mix up the present educational character of the Highway Code with the machinery of the law. The Code can only be given the force of law by creating more offences—and it would take a very large police force to administer the suggested new Code."

The R.A.C. and the A.A., by the way, were annoyed with the B.B.C. for staging their debate on the Terrell Plan just before the publication of a report on the subject by an official committee set up by the Minister of Transport.

The Monte Carlo Rally.—In little more than a week 369 cars representing eighteen countries will set out from seven different starting-points on a run of 2,000 miles in the world's most gruelling reliability trial. Yes, I am referring to the famous Monte Carlo Rally, which begins on January 22.

There are ninety-two British competitors this year—a record—and sixty-nine of them are starting from Glasgow. They include Messrs. Sydney Allard (Allard), Ian Appleyard (Jaguar Mark VII), Norman Garrad and George Hartwell (Sunbeam-Talbots). Among the fourteen British entrants who are setting out from Monte Carlo itself are Messrs. Ken Wharton (former British trials champion and current hill-climb champion) and Stirling Moss, famous young racing driver, who will be taking part in his first Monte Carlo Rally. Wharton is driving one of the new 2¼-litre Ford Zephyrs and Moss will be in charge of one of the three official Sunbeam-Talbot entries.

WASHINGTON'S SIXTEEN-STOREY PUSH-BUTTON PARKING GARAGE: Automatic machinery parks or delivers cars back to customers in the space of a minute.

Washington's lofty, space-saving garage is designed around two high-speed automatic elevators, which carry remote-controlled dollies for pushing cars into parking stalls fore and aft. The ground floor is the in-and-out section, which contains a control panel and a lone operator. The owner leaves his car in the entrance lane, locking ignition and doors if he wishes, but with brakes released and gears in neutral. A dollie rolls under the car and patented stops lift up into position in front and behind. Hydraulic pressure brings them against the bumpers and the dollie pulls the automobile on its own wheels into the elevator.

Meanwhile, the control panel shows green lights for the vacant stalls. The operator merely presses the proper button to effect delivery. A numbered check protruding from beneath the selected light is torn three ways—one stud for the owner, one for the car and one for identification when the owner pays his fee.

The elevators will store four cars on each of fifteen floors above and three below street-level—seventy-two in all. The building on 1426 K Street occupies a space only 25 by 72 ft., with an entrance from K Street and an exit through an alley at the rear. The total cost of the garage was about 300,000 dollars, including some 70,000 dollars for elevators and machinery.

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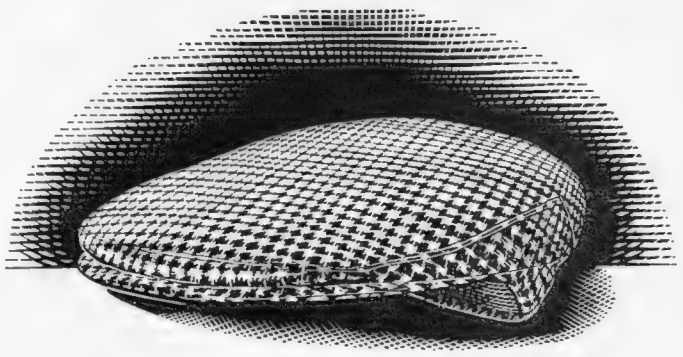

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A MIXED BAG OF NEW YEAR NOVELS

L. P. Hartley's "My Fellow Devils"; James Hilton's "Morning Journey"; Erskine Caldwell's "Episode in Palmetto"; and the late Will Cuppy's "The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody"

THE lady with whose moral, physical and spiritual life we are concerned in Mr. L. P. Hartley's new novel is humourless, by the author's admission, a Justice of the Peace before the age of thirty and an unconscionable prig. It has therefore taken all Mr. Hartley's skill and conviction to persuade the reader that she is a worthy subject for an intelligent and entertaining book. Or that she might have married Britain's favourite film-star. She does, understandably perhaps, fall in love with this gentleman and, less understandably (see above), he proposes marriage to her and their wedding takes place in a Venetian sacristy.

The rest, and indeed the greater part of MY FELLOW DEVILS (James Barrie. 12s. 6d.), is taken up by the detailed account of her nine months' disillusion, at the end of which time she is left with a dear little baby boy and the promise of a second husband. Quick work, even for a magistrate practised in immediate decisions. Somehow, though, the author makes this character credible, and it is the flashy hero himself, who is some kind of petty thief in his spare time, for whom it is difficult to find any kind of understanding or even the contemptuous pity that the career of a cad has been known to evoke.

THE NEW CUSTODIAN OF BURLINGTON HOUSE: Mr. Humphrey Brooke (left), who takes over from Sir Walter Lamb (seated) as Secretary of the Royal Academy, a post which Sir Walter has filled with distinction for the past thirty-eight years. Sir Walter has also been the Royal Academy's historian.

Mr. James Hilton writes of a world he must know well by now, the small universe of Hollywood and its necessary satellite, Broadway. MORNING JOURNEY (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is nevertheless a serious novel, since its main theme is loyalty, and loyalty in a form that transcends ambition or infatuation or self-interest, with the working side rather than the glamorous side of Hollywood for its background. So serious, indeed, has Mr. Hilton been in the pursuit of and the propounding of his theories, that from time to time his writing verges perilously on the tedious, and this is scarcely typical. It is as if he were saying: "Look, actors and actresses, directors and agents are people like you and me with intensely-felt problems, with a human approach first, and a dramatic reaction second, and in any case with an intellectual grasp of the direction their lives are taking."

Personally, I would prefer to believe that that was not true, because I don't think that is what the stage and screen and their protagonists are *for*, but even if the reader is in complete agreement with the author on this point, there is still no guarantee that the whole thing is going to make good reading, and for pages at a time *Morning Journey* doesn't.

Miss Edith Pargeter has not chosen an hilarious title for her new novel, and how right she has been, for FALLEN INTO THE PIT (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is scarcely cheerful in subject or in treatment, unless you are one of those who think that good technique in a writer is a matter for rejoicing and mafficking. The scene is an English village with the traditional church, green, pub and innkeeper's pretty daughter, but apart from those adjuncts, sketched in with some irony by the author, the rest is present-day in its grimmer sense.

For this is an area in which open-cast coal-mining is being much developed, and although the relatively shallow pits of the district have been abandoned and lie in ruins proving, as it turns out, very handy adjuncts to murder, the real threat to the neighbourhood is in the renewal of surface coal-mining and in the "temporary" devastation that would ensue. Miss Pargeter seldom writes without a purpose, and it is clear enough here to be left to each reader's interpretation. In the meantime, I can say that her novel has an authenticity of atmosphere that is far from common, and an admirably clear story line.

Some years ago there was a play called *Tobacco Road*, a study of degeneracy in the Southern States, which ran for months and years and, for all I know, is still running in the United States. Its author, Mr. Erskine Caldwell, has had many other degrees of success since then with his novels, and continues to write, if not with the same startling impact, at least with the same vitality. His new novel is EPISODE IN PALMETTO (Falcon Press. 10s. 6d.), and describes a brief space of time in the life (or should one say the career?) of a pretty girl with a striking figure who, with the most inadequate of reasons and training, takes a job as schoolteacher in a Southern town. Not unnaturally, her presence raises Cain and gives the population something much juicier to chew over than the price of pork. Naturally, too, Mr. Caldwell makes the most of it all, though I found that he occasionally mistook salacity for realism.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY (Dobson. 10s. 6d.) is very good fun, and makes one regret once more that its author, the late Will Cuppy, has been dead for more than two years and will turn out no more of these apparently thistledown pieces of nonsense. The word "apparently" is a necessary qualification, because it seems that Will Cuppy, even when he was preparing a collection of such fabulous word-pictures as in this little book, read omnivorously and put in days and weeks of serious research before he ventured on a brief chapter about Louis XIV, called "le Roi Soleil, or Louis the Show-off," or before an equally compressed passage on "Some royal stomachs," which does not omit that little affair of the lampreys, or the possibility that the First Gentleman of Europe harboured a secret passion for bubble-and-squeak. Will Cuppy's plentiful footnotes, by the way, are explanatory perhaps not of historical subjects but most certainly of their author's wit. The illustrations by Mr. William Steig are perfectly in key.

MOON GAP (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.) is the story of one of those ghost towns, once flourishing and brashly prosperous from their gold- or silver-mining population, and in the present day, eerie, almost deserted places on the fringes of the desert. Miss Ann Chidester invests her novel with appropriate spookiness, and has done very well with her tale of uranium prospectors forecasting a new and sinister boom.

Prosperity through the opening-up of an oilfield in an eastern Texas town called, for the purposes of fiction, Charity, is the theme of Mr. William Goyen's novel, THE HOUSE OF BREATH (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.), which has an odd power and an uneasy kind of distinction, though I cannot truthfully say that I enjoyed its reading. The place is described in sporadic flashbacks through recollections, and at times the story and the thin threads of plot seem impossibly disconnected. But in the end a real picture emerges and, without charming, does at least convince.

Miss Ursula Keir is a new, and a very young writer, who has considerable freshness and a far-from-childish approach to the subject of her first novel, which is life in post-war Cairo. In her twenty-one years Miss Keir has known Cairo itself, Australia, New Zealand, Shanghai (where she was born), and the Beaujolais country of France, whither she escaped to relations from an intolerably dull English school. It is therefore natural enough that THE SUN BEHIND ME (Collins. 10s. 6d.) should have more vitality than pattern, and that it should promise good things for the future.

THE BLUE DEVILS (Cassell. 10s. 6d.) has in it, we are told, the ingredients of a stormy romance, but what I discovered in it of far more interest was a picture of life in the great indigo plantations in the India of a century ago, as related fluently and with authority by Miss Cecilie Leslie. The author comes from a family with long associations with India, some of them being indigo planters in Behar where, as a child, she lived in the indigo-planting district of Chumparan that provides the background of this novel, in which, if she will forgive me for saying so, the things and the places have so much more to tell us than the personages.

Mr. Richard Hunter's novel, THE DAM (Constable. 12s. 6d.), is set in North China during the year 1947, and is inevitably a story of civil war and Communism, and the bitter hardships of the people on either side of the political fence. An Allied relief mission is trying to alleviate what distress it can, and its most important reconstruction project is the building of a dam to control the flood waters of one of China's great rivers. Unhappily, this undertaking soon becomes slowed up and the plans disrupted through political pressure, corruption and military strategy. Mr. Hunter tells his story well and is not afraid of striking a dramatic note.

Among this week's thrillers and detective stories is a new one from Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner, known not only as the creator of Perry Mason, that lawyer-detective who is the scourge of the Californian police, but the creator, too, of Miss Della Street, both infallible secretary and love-interest in Mason's highly adventurous life. The present book, THE CASE OF THE BORROWED BRUNETTE (Cassell. 9s. 6d.), is not the very best in the series, but it is quite good enough, and I found it diverting in its hard, crackling way.

MONTROSE

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There is no figure in history, it would seem, less suited to a brief biography than the great, the many-sided, the deeply-gifted, the beloved Montrose, whose romantic career, military genius, magnanimity of spirit, and whose poetry, small in quantity though it was, have endeared him to succeeding generations of Scots. Montrose crowded too much into thirty-eight years of life for brevity to be possible in truly recording his fame; but somehow or other Miss C. V. Wedgwood, that accomplished historian of the seventeenth century, has succeeded in the space of 158 pages in presenting the youth and the man, the dreamer who soared in spirit with Cæsar and Alexander, and the doer of deeds who routed the Covenanting levies at Tippermuir and Aberdeen, who crushed the Campbells at Inverlochy, achieving, like Stonewall Jackson, victories with minor forces over well-led and disciplined armies. MONTROSE is No. 3 in the "Brief Lives" Series (published by Collins at 7s. 6d.), and it is beyond doubt the best to date, notwithstanding James A. Williamson's fine initial contribution on Sir Francis Drake. The story of "the year of victories" is particularly well told; of the swift marches that followed upon the heels of thoughtful preparation, of the tenacity and well-organised purpose that went hand-in-hand with valour, of the unceasing zeal in the King's cause. Then came the disaster, the capture by McLeod of Assynt, "the poor little chieftain from the back of beyond," who lured the finally defeated Montrose with false kindness into false security and, for the sake of gold, delivered him into the hands of the King's enemies at Edinburgh. It is an old tale, an heroic and a moving tale, and the magic of Miss Wedgwood's pen makes it doubly well worth the re-telling.

From the glowing, well-matured annals of Scotland in the seventeenth century, let us turn to the new and heady vintage of present-day history. In MY MISSION IN ISRAEL, 1948-1951 (Victor Gollancz. 18s.), Mr. James G. McDonald, First United States Ambassador in Israel, tells the story of his appointment by President Truman, of his first briefing in an atmosphere of State Department hostility, and of his journey out to Palestine. He went via London, where he encountered Britain's Foreign Secretary, Ernest Bevin, in apparently belligerent mood, "glowering, bullying, haranguing and thumping the table," and putting all the fault for the Palestine situation upon the shoulders of Truman. In Israel itself McDonald appeared on the scene during the period of the uneasy truce, and we see him time and again championing the Jewish cause, working tirelessly for a peace settlement which would in his view give adequate justice to Jewish claims. For the late Count Bernadotte, Mr. McDonald had a high personal regard, but it seems that he looked upon the Swedish mediator as a blunderer, just as it seems that he looked upon Britain as the big bad wolf in the Israeli fold. Some readers may feel that in all his assertions Ambassador McDonald is just a shade too downright. This is the sort of volume which a British diplomat might have written at the turn of the century.

Brian Vesey-FitzGerald provides the introduction to Ronald Duncan's THE BLUE FOX (Museum Press. 15s.), an admirable collection of extracts from *Jan's Journal*; this, he says, is the journal of a wise and happy man. "He has such a sense of fun," declares Mr. Vesey FitzGerald; "he knows so much of human weakness, he is so tolerant, he is so wise, he is so lively and he is so practical. You read him and make a friend." "Jan" indeed presents the authentic Devon, as even the townsman will recognise.

Louisa Martindale writes her autobiography under the title of A WOMAN SURGEON (Victor Gollancz. 18s.). We see how against heavy odds she pursued the career of her choice, pursuing it in many parts of the world, first in post-graduate courses in Vienna, later in visiting plague camps in India. After more studies in Berlin and London, Louisa Martindale became the first woman doctor in Brighton and, still fighting opposition, she was instrumental in founding there a hospital for medical and surgical cases for women. Then came a consulting practice in London, and vital and in part rewarding work in the realm of cancer research.

Rex Warner, writing of the day when wars were small and men were superhuman, is the author of GREEKS AND TROJANS (MacGibbon and Kee, Ltd. 15s.), relating the main episodes in the story of the Trojan War. The greater part of the narrative comes from Homer, but some of it is from Sophocles and Virgil, and the author has had certain difficulty in reconciling the various interpretations. Odysseus, for instance, is a great hero in the Iliad—but in other writings he emerges as something of a crook. What Mr. Warner has succeeded in doing is bringing the great narrative alive for those of us who can never hope to read it in the original.

In WILD WINGS (Victor Gollancz. 14s.), Frank Stuart has written a fascinating account of his observations of wild duck, using the narrative form. He starts with the preparation for the migration, with the ducks gathering, stirred by the mysterious instinct to be gone, and then in chapter after chapter, drawing upon his knowledge and his imagination, describes the changes and chances of the migrationary route.

BREAKING YOUR OWN PONY (*Country Life*. 15s.) is a new and practical book for young riders by Janet Holyoake. Photographs and text taken together make each lesson easy to follow and to put into practice.

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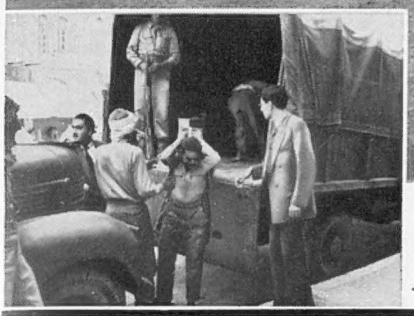

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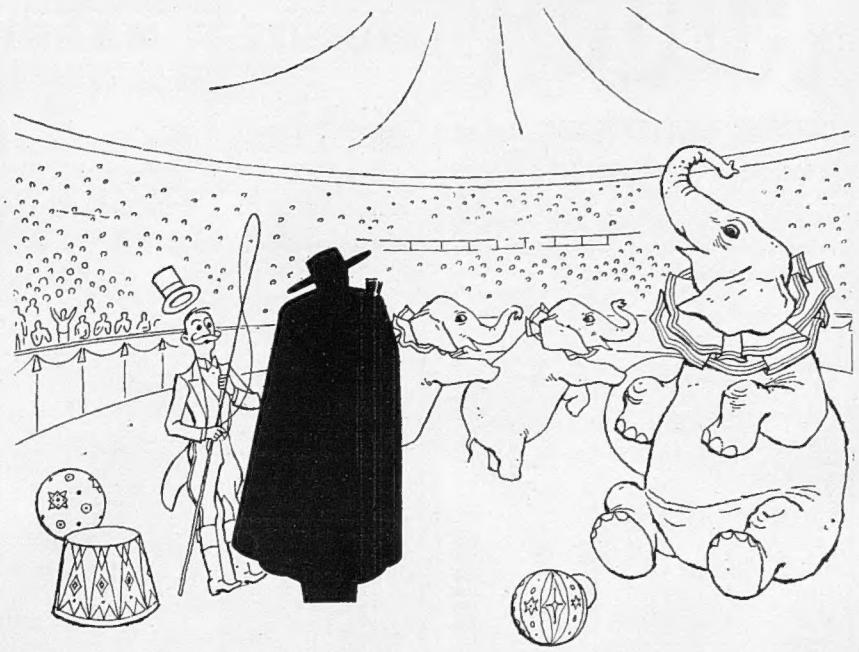

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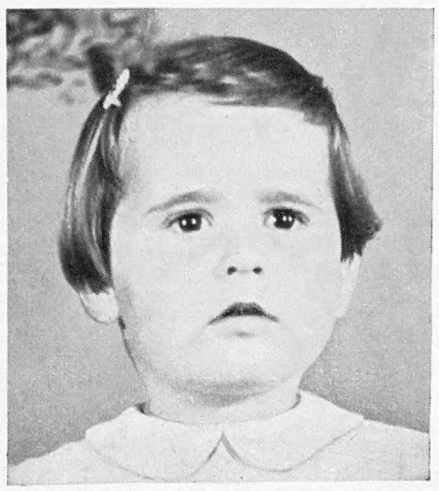

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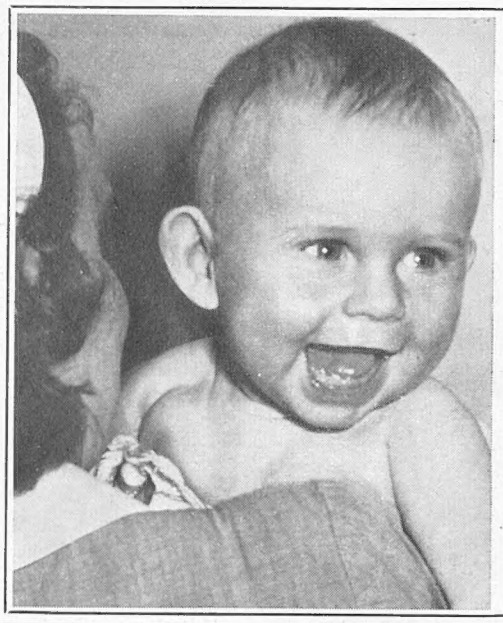

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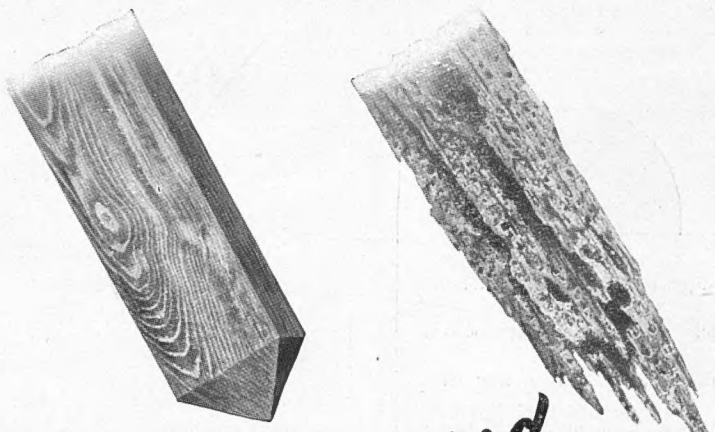

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ICI

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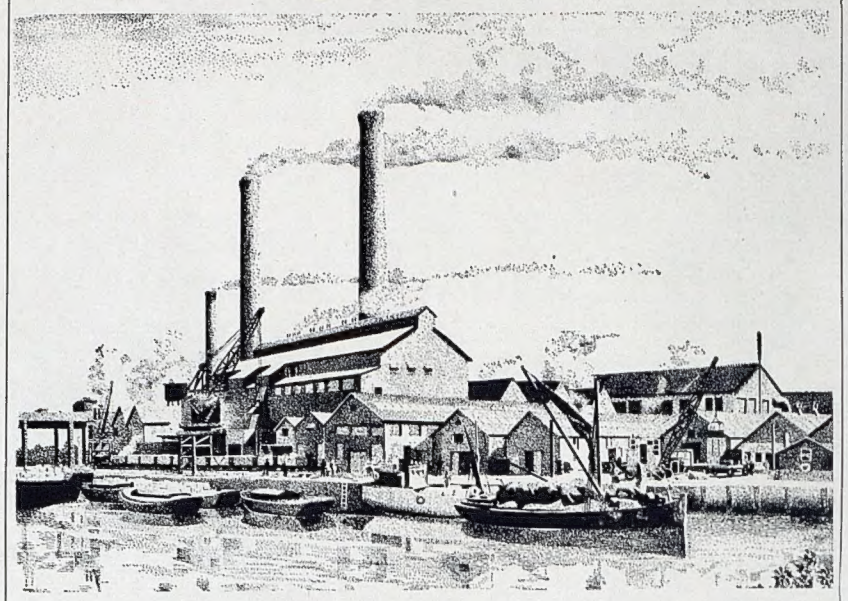

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